

TRUE AMAZING
ACCOUNTS of

Oct. - Nov. 10c

Big
52 pages!
DON'T TAKE
LESS!

BLACK MAGIC

THE STRANGEST
STORIES EVER TOLD!

10
MY DOLLY!
DADDY BURN
MY DOLLY!

YOU CAN'T BLAME OUR
TRAGEDIES ON THE BABY'S
DOLL!.. -IT'S ONLY A
PLAYTOY! **WHAT POSSIBLE
HARM CAN
IT DO?**

IT'S A THING OF
MALICE AND **EVIL**, I
TELL YOU! THE BOY SAYS
IT **TALKS** TO HIM -- PLOTS
TO **DESTROY** US! **AND I
BELIEVE HIM!** NOW, I'M
GOING TO GIVE IT BACK TO
THE FLAMES WHERE I
THINK IT WAS MADE!



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“With God

All Things Are Possible!”



Are you facing difficult *Problems*? *Poor health?* *Money or Job Troubles?* *Love or Family Troubles?* Are you *Worried* about someone dear to you? Is someone dear to you *Drinking* too much? Do you ever get *Lonely—Unhappy—Discouraged?* Would you like to have more *Happiness, Success and “Good fortune”* in life?

If you have any of these *Problems*, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful *News*—*News* of a remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping thousands of other men and women to glorious *new* happiness and joy! Whether you have always believed in *Prayer* or not, this remarkable NEW WAY may bring a whole *New* world of happiness and joy to you—and very, very quickly too!

So don't wait, dear friend. Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy *in any way*—we invite you to send your name and address now with 6c in stamps so we can rush FULL INFORMATION to you by AIR MAIL about this remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping so many, many others and may just as certainly and quickly help YOU.

You will surely bless this day—so please don't delay! Just mail your name and address now with 6c in stamps to **LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP, BOX 1508, NOROTON, CONN.** We will rush this wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH to you by AIR MAIL!

**THERE IS ONLY ONE LIVING MAN WHO KNOWS
WHAT A DYING PERSON SEES IN THAT--**

LAST SECOND of LIFE!

This is the story of MATTHEW CRANE--his forbidden venture into the beyond--and what he discovered there!

IT'S TRUE! AND I'LL TESTIFY TO IT! ALTHOUGH MATTHEW CRANE IS ALIVE, HE KNOWS WHAT LIES AFTER DEATH! I'M GEORGE BERGER, CRANE'S PERSONAL SECRETARY! I KNOW ALL THE FACTS!

I'LL VERIFY MISTER BERGER'S STATEMENT. I WAS AT THE BEDSIDE WHEN MISTER CRANE FORCED THE ANSWER FROM THAT POOR DYING WOMAN! IT WAS TERRIBLE! I-I COULDN'T STOP HIM!

MATTHEW CRANE IS AN AMAZING MAN! AND NOW HE KNOWS A MOST AMAZING TRUTH! I'M DOCTOR HERBERT MICHAELS! I SHALL ALWAYS BE AVAILABLE FOR A STATEMENT!



Produced by
SIMON & KIRBY

Here is a collection of **THE STRANGEST STORIES EVER TOLD!** Incredible as they may seem, those who claim to have lived through them swear that they are true--We can only report the facts as we hear them--whether they are fact or fiction is for you, the reader, to decide!..

(ALL NAMES AND PLACES
HAVE BEEN CHANGED)

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MATTHEW CRANE IS NOTHING BUT A GIBBERING WRECK TODAY--A WASTED, GROTESQUE CARICATURE OF MAN--INCURABLY, HOPELESSLY INSANE. EVEN AT THIS WRITING, HE IS A SHOCKING AND UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT...BECAUSE IF ANY MAN EVER REPRESENTED BRAINS, MONEY AND POWER IT HAD BEEN MATTHEW CRANE, AND ONLY HE WOULD HAVE SOUGHT WHAT IS FORBIDDEN TO ALL LIVING MEN! THIS IS THE STORY OF WHAT HE DARED TO DO - AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!

I'M AFRAID YOUR PARTNER HAS LITTLE TIME LEFT, MR. CRANE! IT'S BEEN A LOSING FIGHT FROM THE FIRST...I'M SORRY!

SORRY? FOR WHAT?



GEORGE BERGER WAS PROFOUNDLY SHOCKED! FOR NEVER IN HIS FIFTEEN YEARS AS MATTHEW CRANE'S SECRETARY HAD HIS EMPLOYER UTTERED SO CALLOUS A STATEMENT... HE VENTURED A WORD OF CAUTION!

HE SEEMS TO BE STIRRING, MISTER CRANE! HE MIGHT HEAR YOU!

I PAY YOU TO DO A JOB, NOT GIVE ME ADVICE, BERGER! NOW--

GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN!



IN THAT FRIGHTFUL MOMENT BEFORE HE DIED, JOSHUA BENTON'S SUNKEN EYES SUDDENLY OPENED WIDE--FASTENING ON SOMETHING THEY COULD NOT SEE ---

SOMETHING THAT BROUGHT A CROAK OF TERROR FROM HIS ASHEN LIPS!

JOSHUA BENTON WAS AFRAID--AND SO TERRIBLE WAS THAT FEAR THAT IT STRUCK AT THOSE ABOUT HIM! -- ESPECIALLY MATTHEW CRANE!



JOSHUA BENTON AND I HAVE BEEN BUSINESS PARTNERS FOR TWENTY FIVE YEARS AND HAVE HATED EACH OTHER FOR TWENTY! I DON'T BELIEVE IN FALSE SENTIMENTALITY!



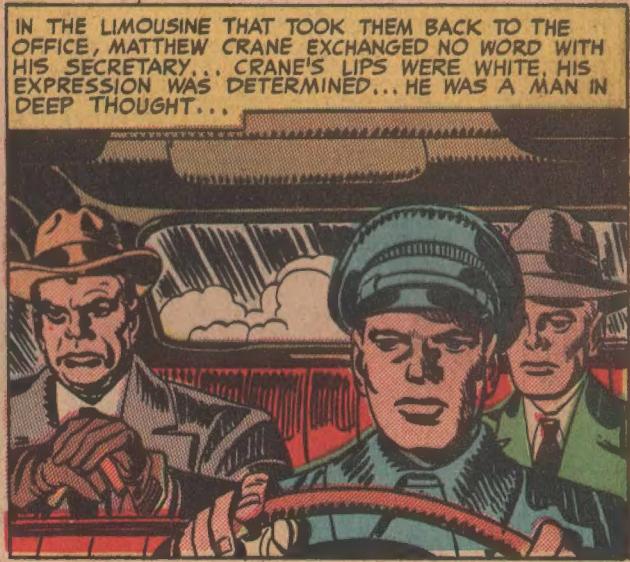
THE ROOM WAS SILENT AS THE GRAVE... AND THEY STARED IN MORBID FASCINATION AT THE JERKY MOVEMENTS OF THE DYING MAN AS HE TRIED TO RISE! JOSHUA BENTON WAS LIKE A WAXEN MARIONETTE SUPPORTED BY A LAST, THIN STRING WHICH THEY KNEW WAS GOING TO SNAP AT ANY SECOND!



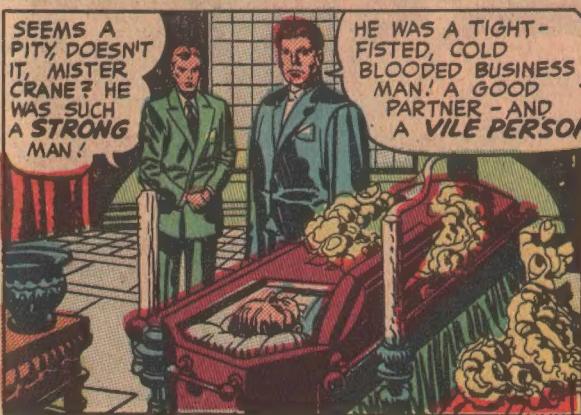
NO--NO--NO--

JOSHUA! JOSHUA! WHAT IS IT?





IT WOULD BE EASY TO SAY THAT MATTHEW CRANE HAD A CONSCIENCE. THAT WOULD EXPLAIN HIS BROODING... IT WOULD - UNLESS YOU KNOW CRANE LIKE HIS SECRETARY DID... CRANE WAS AN ABSOLUTE HEARTLESS MAN. AND, HE PROVED IT BEFORE JOSHUA BENTON'S FUNERAL!





SOMEHOW, IT SEEMED NATURAL THAT THE HEAVENS SHOULD ROAR ANGRILY AND TURN THE EARTH TO MUD DURING THE BURIAL... JOSHUA BENTON'S SOUL WAS OUTWARD BOUND AND THE DISCORDANT THUNDER ACCOMPANYING ITS FLIGHT, DID NOT LOOK LIKE A FAVORABLE CELESTIAL WELCOME...



IT WAS OVER! THE WET, SODDEN EARTH MADE A DEAD, HOLLOW SOUND AS IT STRUCK THE COFFIN! IT WAS OVER... BUT, EVEN AS THE SOUL-LESS CORPSE WAS COVERED BY THE CLAY TO WHICH IT WAS RETURNING, MATTHEW CRANE WAS HEARD TO WHISPER...



THERE WAS A GREAT DEAL TO BE DONE AFTER JOSHUA BENTON'S DEATH. CRANE COMPLETELY ABSORBED HIMSELF IN HIS WORK. IT WAS ALMOST AS IF HE SOUGHT TO ESCAPE OTHER THOUGHTS. BUT, ONE DAY, AFTER THE HELP HAD GONE MATTHEW CRANE SUMMONED HIS SECRETARY TO HIS OFFICE!



WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT FIRING HIM? SAUNDERS IS SICK! I WANT TO KNOW HOW SICK! SEE TO IT THAT HE VISITS MY DOCTOR! I'LL PAY THE BILL!

UH--YES! YES, OF COURSE, SIR! I'LL GET TO WORK ON IT RIGHT AWAY!



"WITH GOOD CARE," THE DOCTOR HAD SAID... WELL, THE NOW BENEVOLENT MATTHEW CRANE COULD SUPPLY THAT! GEORGE BERGER TOOK THE NEWS TO HIS EMPLOYER... AND RECEIVED ANOTHER JOLT!

SO SAUNDERS HAS MANY YEARS AHEAD OF HIM, EH? WELL, FIRE HIM!

BUT, SEE HERE, MISTER CRANE-- I -



AS THE DAYS WENT BY, MATTHEW CRANE BECAME HAGGARD AND PINCHED. HE WAS EASILY IRRITATED - INCREASINGLY ABUSIVE! GEORGE BERGER WONDERED WHAT THIS UNPREDICTABLE MAN WOULD DO NEXT... ONE AFTERNOON, HE FOUND OUT!

GET YOUR HAT AND COAT, BERGER! WE'RE MAKING A CALL!

I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, MISTER, CRANE!



THE SECRETARY COULD HARDLY BELIEVE WHAT HE HAD HEARD! IN ALL HIS YEARS OF ASSOCIATION WITH HIS EMPLOYER, MATTHEW CRANE HADN'T ONCE BEEN KNOWN TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT A HUMAN BEING! EVIDENTLY HIS BEHAVIOR HAD BEEN AFFECTED BY JOSHUA BENTON'S DEATH!

WHAT'S THE VERDICT ON SAUNDERS, DOCTOR?

IT'S TUBERCULOSIS, ALL RIGHT! BUT FORTUNATELY, IN ITS EARLY STAGES... WITH GOOD CARE, THERE ISN'T ANY REASON WHY SAUNDERS SHOULD NOT LIVE A LONG LIFE!



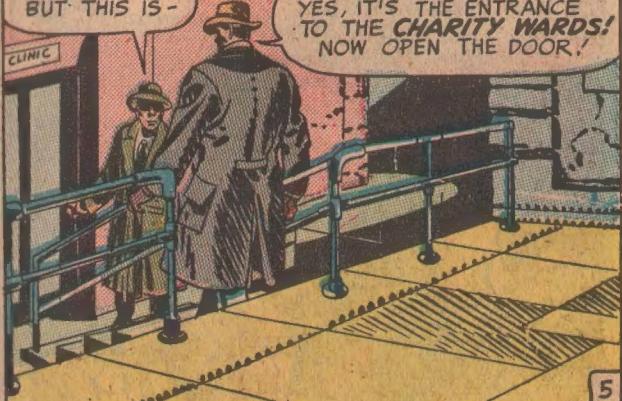
I SAID FIRE HIM! HAVING SAUNDERS AROUND THE OFFICE DEPRESSES ME! THAT'S ALL, BERGER!



GEORGE BERGER WAS PUZZLED WHEN HIS BOSS' CAR PULLED UP IN FRONT OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL... HE WAS EVEN MORE BEFuddled WHEN MATTHEW CRANE IGNORED THE PLUSH LOBBY AND WENT TO THE REAR ENTRANCE!

BUT THIS IS -

YES, IT'S THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHARITY WARDS! NOW OPEN THE DOOR!



THE MYSTERY WAS DEEPENING! AFTER ENTERING THE CLINIC, THE BEWILDERED SECRETARY FOLLOWED MATTHEW CRANE TO THE OFFICE OF THE PHYSICIAN-IN-CHARGE!

EXACTLY!

IT'S CERTAINLY A MOST UNUSUAL OFFER, MR. CRANE! STILL I DON'T SEE WHY WE SHOULDN'T ACCEPT IT! GOODNESS KNOWS, OUR PATIENTS HAVE LITTLE ENOUGH!



THEY PAUSED BEFORE A HALF DOZEN BEDS... AND EACH TIME MATTHEW CRANE SPOKE THAT ONE WORD! THE ONE BED THAT THE DOCTOR BY-PASSED WAS THE CASE WHICH INTERESTED CRANE!



BUT SHE'S DYING!
SURELY, YOU —

I'M AWARE OF
THAT! NEVERTHELESS,
I'LL TAKE NO ONE
BUT THAT GIRL!



NOW, HERE'S A CASE WORTHY OF ATTENTION... THIS GIRL WILL REQUIRE AT LEAST SIX MONTHS CARE—AND —

NO!



THE GIRL IS DYING, SIR...
NOTHING CAN SAVE HER;
SHE HAS A FEW DAYS
LEFT--A WEEK AT BEST!

AA-HAH! I'LL
TAKE THIS GIRL,
DOCTOR! SHE SHALL
HAVE THE FINEST
ROOM ON MY
ESTATE!



LISTEN TO ME, DOCTOR!
ACCORDING TO THAT CHART,
THE GIRL HAS NO KIN,
NO MONEY—NOT EVEN
A HOME. IT IS
ONLY JUSTICE
THAT SHE BE
GIVEN EVERY
COMFORT
BEFORE
SHE DIES!

YOU'RE INDEED A
VERY GENEROUS
MAN, MISTER
CRANE!



MATTHEW CRANE HAD NEVER UTILIZED THE FULL FORCEFULNESS OF HIS DRIVING PERSONALITY AS HE DID THAT NIGHT! RETURNING WITH THE DOCTOR TO HIS OFFICE, THE INDUSTRIALIST CONTINUED TO HAMMER AND INSIST ON OBTAINING CUSTODY OF THE DYING GIRL!



PERHAPS NOT! VERY WELL, MISTER CRANE... I'LL CONSENT TO TRANSFER THE PATIENT TO YOUR CARE!

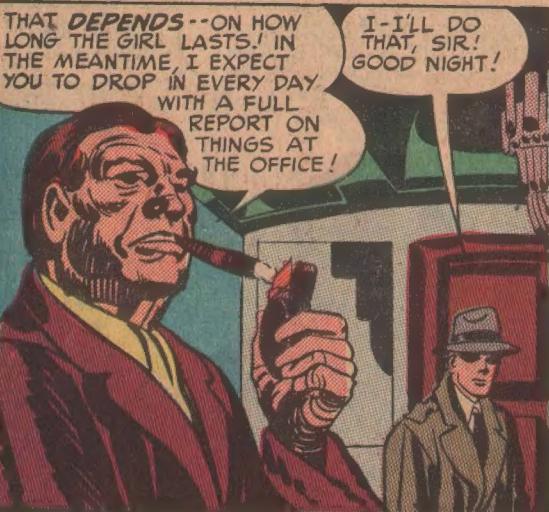
SPLENDID! SPLENDID! I MUST LEAVE AT ONCE! HOWEVER, MY SECRETARY WILL STAY TO MAKE THE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS!



HOURS LATER, A SORELY DISTURBED GEORGE BERGER SAT OPPOSITE SARAH RUSSELL IN AN AMBULANCE WHICH TORE ACROSS THE CITY TO MATTHEW CRANE'S MANSION!



I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER, HONEY! I-I DON'T KNOW!



I-I'LL DO THAT, SIR! GOOD NIGHT!

THAT DEPENDS--ON HOW LONG THE GIRL LASTS! IN THE MEANTIME, I EXPECT YOU TO DROP IN EVERY DAY WITH A FULL REPORT ON THINGS AT THE OFFICE!

THOSE WERE THE ONLY WORDS THE GIRL EVER SPOKE TO GEORGE BERGER! EVEN THE SLIGHT EFFORT COST HER DEARLY IN EBBING STRENGTH... WHEN SARAH HAD BEEN SAFELY TRANSFERRED TO A COMFORTABLE ROOM IN THE CRANE HOME, GEORGE BERGER, HIS JOB DONE, TURNED HASTILY TO LEAVE...



EVERYTHING TAKEN CARE OF, BERGER?

YES, SIR! WILL YOU BE COMING TO THE OFFICE?

FOR SOME UNWHOLESOME REASON, MATTHEW CRANE WAS KEEPING A CONSTANT DEATH WATCH OVER THE DYING GIRL! DURING ONE VISIT, GEORGE BERGER FOUND HIS EMPLOYER AT THE BEDSIDE OF THE GIRL--AND FROM HIS THROAT CAME LOW RASPING WORDS!



SOON--IT WILL COME SOON--

BY ALL THE LAWS OF MEDICINE, SARAH RUSSELL SHOULD HAVE DIED THAT FIRST WEEK... BUT SHE STILL LIVED... AND FOR EVERY MOMENT SHE STAYED ALIVE, MATTHEW CRANE SEEMED TO DIE A LITTLE!



THE GIRL IS AN INGRATE, I TELL YOU! I'VE DONE MY PART! I'VE GIVEN HER A WEEK OF THE FINEST CARE! YOU'D THINK SHE'D HAVE THE DECENCY TO COOPERATE AND PASS ON! BUT NO! SHE CLINGS TO LIFE! SHE'S STILL ALIVE! ALIVE!



ICY TENTACLES OF HORROR BEGAN TO COIL ABOUT GEORGE BERGER'S SPINE AS HIS BOSS' PLAN, LIKE SOME UGLY, MISSHAPEN MONSTROSITY, LEAPED INTO THE LIGHT! MATTHEW CRANE WAS RAVING NOW! HIS LITTLE, BLOODSHOT EYES WERE NARROWED WITH CUNNING, AND HIS MOUTH CURLED AT THE CORNERS IN A CRUEL, JAGGED SMILE!!



MADNESS, YOU SAY? WHERE IS THE LINE BETWEEN MADNESS AND TRUTH? HOW MANY OF THE WONDERS SO COMMON TO US TODAY WERE THE RAVINGS OF MADMEN CENTURIES AGO!

I QUESTION YOUR MEANS OF FINDING THE TRUTH, SIR! I ASK YOU TO LEAVE THAT GIRL IN PEACE!

YOU'RE A SQUEAMISH, CHICKEN-HEARTED FOOL, BERGER! A MAN WITH LIMITS! THAT'S WHY YOU'LL NEVER DO ANYTHING MORE IN YOUR LIFE THAN SAY YES SIR AND NO SIR TO MEN LIKE ME! MEN WHO LET NOTHING STAND IN THEIR WAY! NOTHING!

IS THERE SOMETHING OUT THERE? SOMETHING BEYOND LIFE? SOMETHING BEYOND DEATH? IF THERE IS, I'M GOING TO SEE IT! KNOW IT! OUTSMART IT! AND WHEN IT'S MY TIME TO GO, I'LL NEVER BE SNATCHED SCREAMING LIKE JOSHUA BENTON! NOT ME! NOT MATTHEW CRANE!

THE DOOR TO MATTHEW CRANE'S STUDY WAS SUDDENLY FLUNG OPEN. AND THE PRIVATE NURSE, ACTING ON CRANE'S INSTRUCTIONS, BROUGHT THE NEWS HE'D BEEN WAITING FOR...

MISTER CRANE, IT'S MISS RUSSELL! - I'M AFRAID SHE'S -

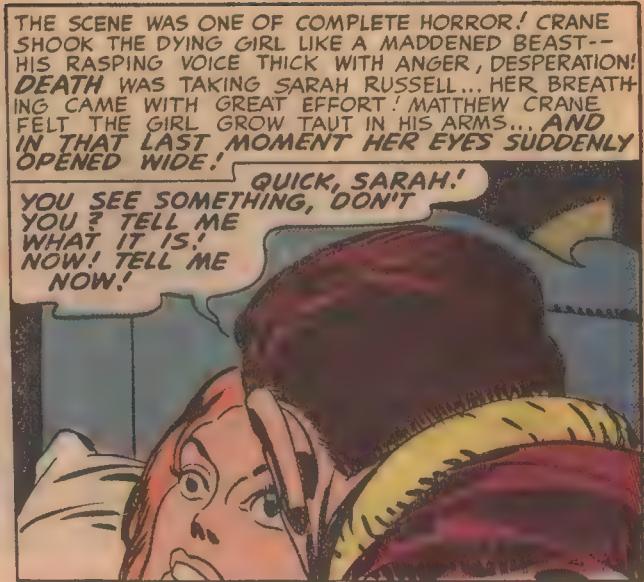
DON'T SIR! DON'T TAMPER WITH THE FORBIDDEN!

KEEP YOUR PLACE, YOU FRIGHTENED MOUSE!

CRANE RUSHED FROM THE ROOM AND UP THE STAIRS LEADING TO SARAH RUSSELL'S ROOM. THE PRESENCE OF DEATH WAS ALREADY DEEPENING THE SOMBER SHADOWS IN THE GREAT HOUSE... THE DOORS OF THE UNKNOWN WERE ABOUT TO OPEN... TO RECEIVE A SOUL!

SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS! THERE'S BARELY ANY PULSE!

WE'VE GOT TO WAKE HER! I WON'T BE CHEATED!



MATTHEW CRANE EAGERLY LOWERED HIS FACE TO THE GIRL'S... STRAINING TO HEAR THE FAINT, ALMOST INAUDIBLE WORDS HER LIPS BEGAN TO FORM... AND MATTHEW CRANE HEARD EVERY WORD SHE SAID!



GEORGE BERGER WAS TOO LATE WHEN HE BURST INTO THAT ROOM! HE FOUND THE NURSE IN A FAINT... AND MATTHEW CRANE SCREAMING INCOHERENTLY AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS... STILL CLUTCHING THE LIMP, DEAD BODY OF SARAH RUSSELL!



THERE WAS NOTHING TO BE DONE FOR MATTHEW CRANE! HIS BRAIN SEEMED TO HAVE SNAPPED BY THE SHOCK OF KNOWLEDGE IT WAS NOT EQUIPPED TO BEAR! THE POWERFUL, UNSCRUPULOUS INDUSTRIALIST HAD CEASED TO BE! IN HIS PLACE WAS A BABBLING SCREAMING MINDLESS SHELL OF A HUMAN BEING...



DID SARAH RUSSELL, IN HER LAST, DYING WORDS, REVEAL WHAT LIES BEYOND DEATH? ONLY ONE LIVING MAN HEARD HER SPEAK... ONLY HE CAN TELL US... IF HE COULD STOP HIS SCREAMING, THAT TERRIBLE NEVER ENDING SCREAMING!





It's EASY
to
Win Him!

... when You Know How!

READ for YOURSELF!

How To Get Him To Date You	How To Improve Your Conversation
How To Make Him Enjoy Your Company	How To Keep Him Guessing
How To Interest Him In You	How To Become His "One and Only"
How To Have Personality	How To "Make Up" With Him
How To Overcome Inferiority	How To Keep His Love When Apart
How To Be Well-Mannered	How To Get Him To Propose
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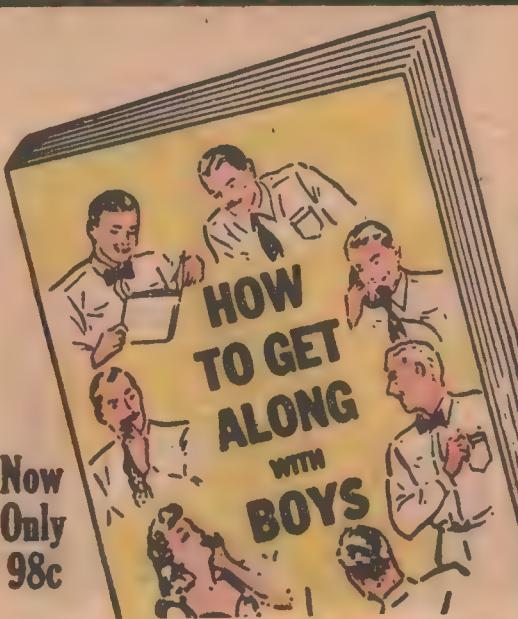
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Don't listen to the voice that calls in the night! It is not the sighing of the wind in the trees...or the echo of a fading dream... it may be something more terrifying and evil...like---

The WOMAN in the MIRROR!



LIKE MANY, MANY MARRIED WOMEN, SALLY KENDRICK SPENT HER LEISURE AFTERNOON HOURS TOURING THE STORES IN SEARCH OF THAT EVER BECKONING BARGAIN! SALLY FOUND IT! AND THE HEDGING OF THE ANTIQUE DEALER ONLY SHARPENED SALLY'S DESIRE TO OWN IT! FOR THE MONEY SHE PAID, THE MIRROR WAS A DEFINITE BARGAIN!

PLEASE HAVE THE MIRROR DELIVERED TO MY ADDRESS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. I'M GOING TO HAVE IT REFINISHED AND MOUNTED OVER MY VANITY TABLE!

I STILL FEEL YOU SHOULD KNOW MORE ABOUT THE MIRROR. IT HAS A UNIQUE HISTORY...IF YOU CAN SPARE A LITTLE TIME TO HEAR ITS STORY, I'D BE...

SALLY, OF COURSE, WAS IN A HURRY. SHE HAD NO TIME TO WASTE ON LISTENING TO SILLY OLD LEGENDS -- NOT WHILE THERE WAS DINNER TO PREPARE! LATER THAT WEEK, THE MIRROR WAS MOUNTED IN SALLY'S ROOM -- A TRIBUTE TO HER TRADER'S INSTINCT!

THAT MIRROR WAS A WONDERFUL BUY! CLEAR, GLISTENING CRYSTAL! IT'S ALMOST LIKE LOOKING THROUGH A WINDOW--INTO ANOTHER ROOM--





"THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HER MIRROR IMAGE WHICH DISTURBED SALLY! A SUBTLE, ELUSIVE IMPRESSION THAT THE IMAGE WAS A DISTINCT AND SEPARATE INDIVIDUAL... POSSESSING LIFE OF ITS OWN! SEATED AT HER VANITY BEFORE RETIRING FOR THE NIGHT, SALLY ONCE AGAIN STUDIED HER REFLECTION!



"AND ONCE AGAIN THE QUEER FEELING CAME UPON SALLY... THAT IT WAS NOT SHE WHO WAS OBSERVING HER IMAGE... THE REFLECTION WAS STUDYING SALLY!



"SALLY WAS TERRIBLY SHAKEN! WERE HER SENSES DECEIVING HER? WAS SHE GIVEN TO HALLUCINATIONS? FOR DAYS SHE AVOIDED THE MAGNETIC DRAW OF THE MIRROR! AFRAID OF WHAT SHE MIGHT SEE-- OF WHAT SHE MIGHT THINK! ONE NIGHT SALLY AROSE FROM HER SLEEP... IN THE DARKNESS OF HER ROOM-- A VOICE WAS CALLING HER NAME!



"THE VOICE CAME FROM SOMEWHERE ON SALLY'S RIGHT... WHERE THE MIRROR HUNG! FEARFULLY, SALLY ROSE FROM THE BED TO INVESTIGATE! THAT WAS A MISTAKE! BUT HOW WAS SALLY TO KNOW?



"IT WAS THE IMAGE... ANIMATE AND ALIVE! WITH TRIUMPH IN ITS VOICE AND UNHOLY POWER IN ITS GLOWING EYES! EYES WHICH HELD SALLY FAST... DRAWING HER CLOSER-- EVER CLOSER ...



"SALLY WAS LIKE A BIRD CAUGHT IN THE SPELL OF A COBRAS EYES! SHE FELT THE FULL IMPACT OF THE HORROR! BUT COULD NEITHER RUN NOR SCREAM! THE EYES GREW TO MONSTROUS SIZE! THERE WAS A SICKENING WRENCH! AND SALLY PLUNGED INTO DARK SPACE!



"SALLY SUDDENLY FELT HERSELF BEING VIGOROUSLY SHAKEN, AND SHE WOKE WITH A START! TOM STOOD FROWNING DOWN AT HER! BUT THE MIRROR THAT DEVILISH REFLECTION HAD IT ALL BEEN JUST A NIGHTMARE!"



"TOM GAVE UP AND STAMPED OFF... LEAVING SALLY CONFUSED AND FRIGHTENED! A WEEK'S BILLS.. WITH SALLY'S SIGNATURE UNMIS-TAKENLY SIGNED TO THEM! A WEEK HAD PASSED! WHERE HAD SHE BEEN? WHO HAD BOUGHT THOSE THINGS? SUDDENLY SALLY KNEW!"



"THE MOCKING REFLECTION SEEMED TO GROW LARGE AND MENACING! ONCE AGAIN, SALLY LOOKED INTO THOSE EVIL, BURNING EYES... FELT THEM FASTEN ON HER BRAIN! TERROR REACHED OUT CAUGHT HER AS SHE RECOILED! SALLY VAINLY TRIED TO CRY OUT AGAINST WHAT SHE KNEW WAS HAPPENING!"



"IT SEEMED LIKE SALLY WOULD DRIFT FOR ETERNITY IN THAT WORLD OF BLACK WRITHING SHADOWS! WHEN SHE CAME TO... IT WAS ONLY TO FIND HERSELF IMPRISONED IN THE MIRROR, LOOKING OUT INTO HER OWN ROOM... NOW OCCUPIED BY ANOTHER WOMAN... A WOMAN WHO COULD HAVE BEEN HER TWIN! **THE FIENDISH IMAGE!**"



"DON'T TOUCH HER TOM! IT'S A HELLISH MONSTER YOU HOLD IN YOUR ARMS!" THEY WERE WORDS THAT SALLY TRIED BUT COULDN'T SPEAK OVER TOM'S SHOULDER, THE EVIL IMPOSTOR SMILED HER MOCKING SMILE!



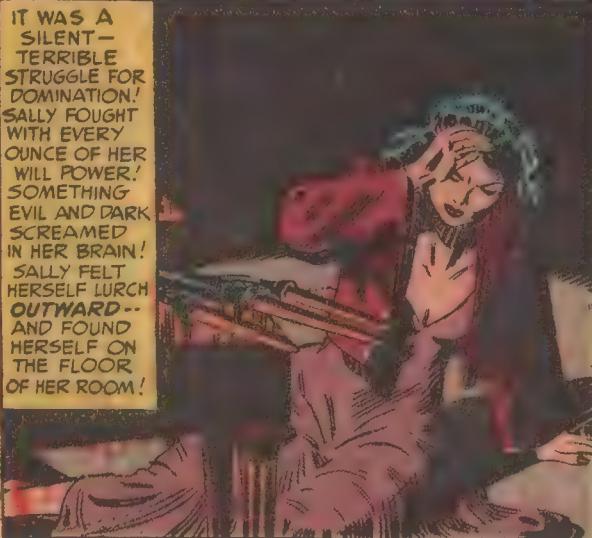
"A MOMENT LATER SALLY WATCHED THEM LEAVE ARM IN ARM! AND SHE WAS LEFT ALONE TO DESPAIR IN THE DARKNESS! THE PROSPECT OF SPENDING AN ETERNAL EXISTENCE AS A REFLECTION SENT SALLY'S WHIRLING THOUGHTS IN SEARCH OF A PLAN TO BREAK FREE! WHEN THE EVIL ONE RETURNED THAT NIGHT, SALLY MADE HER EFFORT!"



"THAT WAS WHAT SALLY WAS HOPING FOR! TO GET THE SHE-DEMON BEFORE THE MIRROR!! WHERE SALLY COULD HURL THE FULL CONCENTRATION OF HER WILL... THE VERY FORCE OF HER ENTIRE BEING... IN AN ATTEMPT TO TRAP THE WILL OF HER ADVERSARY!"



IT WAS A SILENT— TERRIBLE STRUGGLE FOR DOMINATION! SALLY FOUGHT WITH EVERY OUNCE OF HER WILL POWER! SOMETHING EVIL AND DARK SCREAMED IN HER BRAIN! SALLY FELT HERSELF LURCH OUTWARD-- AND FOUND HERSELF ON THE FLOOR OF HER ROOM!

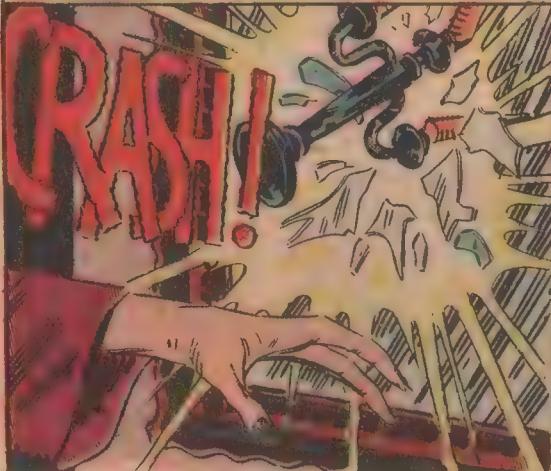


THE VOICE OF HER IMAGE STILL CLAMORED AND SHOUTED VILE OATHS IN SALLY'S MIND-- SALLY MEANT TO STILL IT FOREVER! HER FINGERS CURLED ABOUT THE HEAVY CANDLE-STICK ON HER VANITY!

SCREAM, YOU DEVIL! SCREAM ALL YOU WANT TO! BUT YOU'LL NEVER IMPRISON ME AGAIN! NEVER! NEVER!



THE SCREAMS WERE SUDDENLY LOST IN THE LOUD CRASH OF BREAKING GLASS! THE MIRROR AND ITS EVIL OCCUPANT WERE NO MORE!



SALLY! WHAT HAPPENED? I HEARD A SOUND LIKE THE BREAKING OF GLASS!

IT WAS MY MIRROR! I ACCIDENTALLY SMASHED IT!



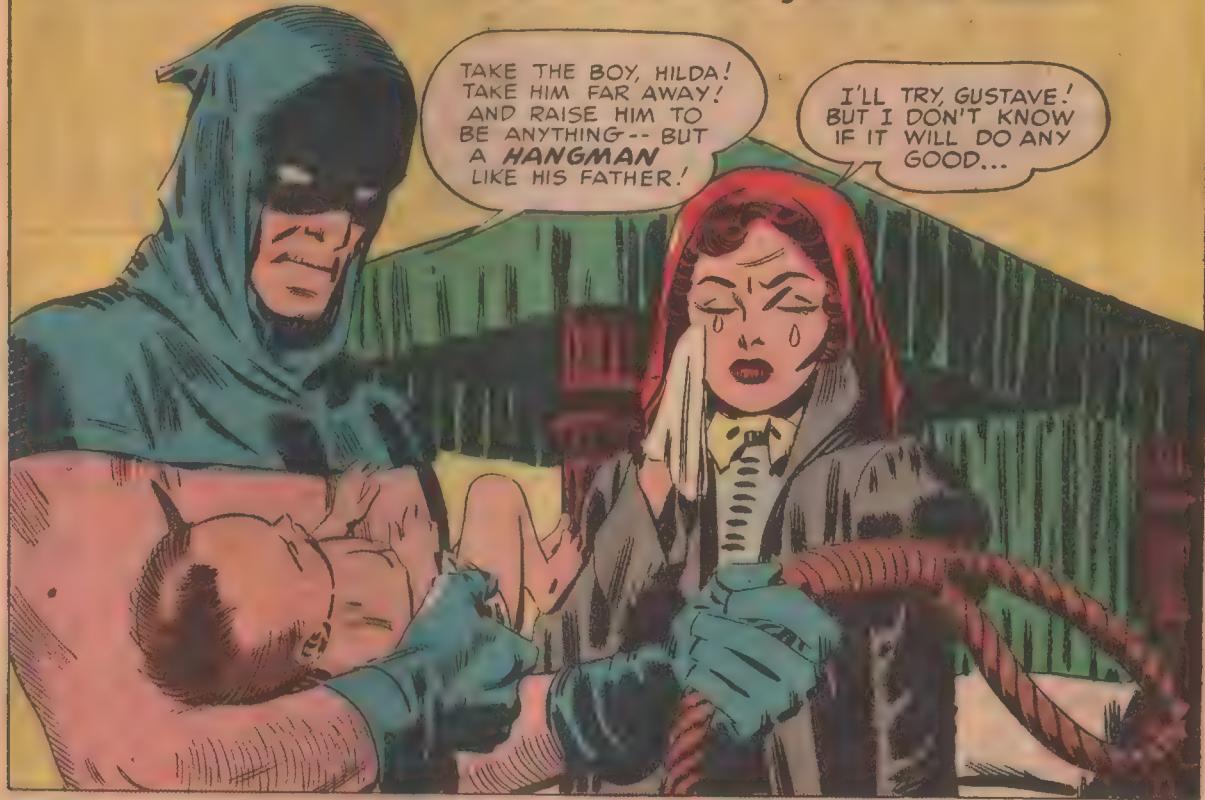
BLAST THE MIRROR! AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT HURT, I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT IT! YOU CAN ALWAYS BUY A NEW ONE!



AND THAT'S WHAT SALLY DID. SHE BOUGHT A NEW MIRROR OF STANDARD MAKE— MANUFACTURED WITHOUT BENEFIT OF LEGEND OR SPELL-- AND GUARANTEEING A WELL-BEHAVED IMAGE WHICH WAS CONTENT TO JUST IMITATE THE MOVEMENTS OF ITS LIVING MODEL!

His **FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS!**

Even at a tender age anyone could see that Freddie was going to outdo his father—and his old man was the best hangman in the business!



MANY YEARS AGO, AN AUSTRIAN SCIENTIST EXPERIMENTING WITH GARDEN PEAS, DISCOVERED ONE OF THE FUNDAMENTAL LAWS OF LIFE -- **HEREDITY!** HE LEARNED WHY CHILDREN ALWAYS BEAR A RESEMBLANCE TO THEIR PARENTS -- HE LEARNED THAT THIS RESEMBLANCE RUNS NOT ONLY FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION -- **BUT TO THE END OF TIME!**

A FACT WHICH MAKES THIS TALE ALL THE MORE **HORRIFYING!**

THE MEN IN THE WERNER FAMILY ALL FOLLOWED THE SAME TRADE -- IT HAD BEEN HANDED DOWN FROM FATHER TO SON FOR GENERATIONS -- THEY HAD ALL BEEN SKILLFUL MEN, AND **GUSTAVE WERNER** WAS A MASTER AT HIS TRADE -- THERE WAS NO BETTER HANGMAN IN ALL EUROPE!

THE CONDEMNED MAN IS IMPORTANT IN POLITICAL CIRCLES -- THERE WILL BE A BIG AUDIENCE -- THE HANGING MUST BE **SWIFT AND SURE!**

HAVE NO FEAR, EXCELLENCY -- WE SHALL HIRE **GUSTAVE WERNER** -- THERE WILL BE NO BUNGLING, I ASSURE YOU!



GUSTAVE WERNER TOOK GREAT PRIDE IN HIS WORK-- AND THE MORE IMPORTANT THE VICTIM, THE MORE SKILLFUL WAS THE EXECUTION ...

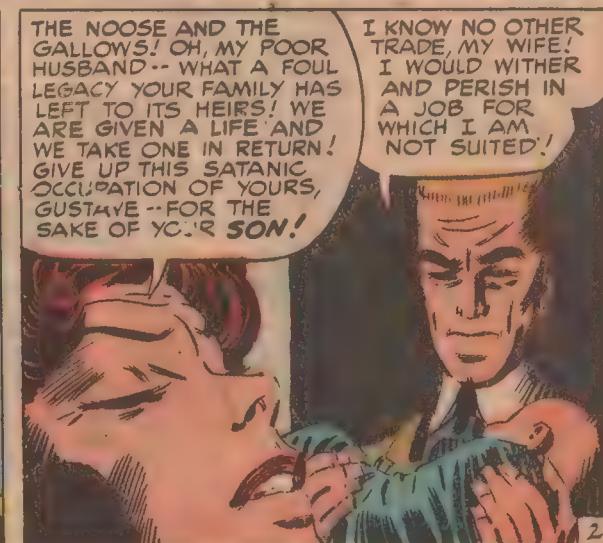
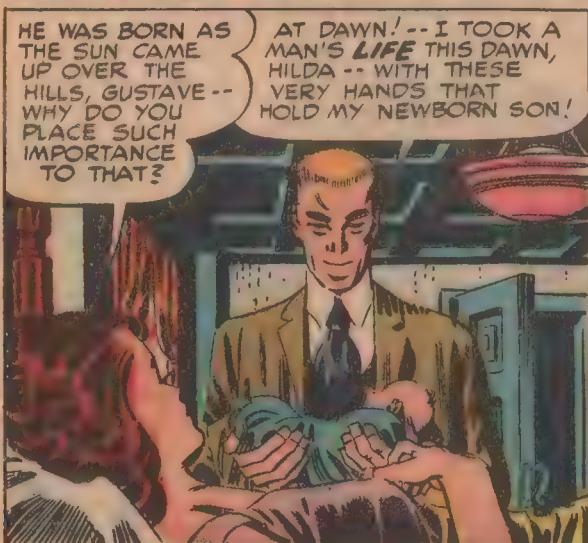
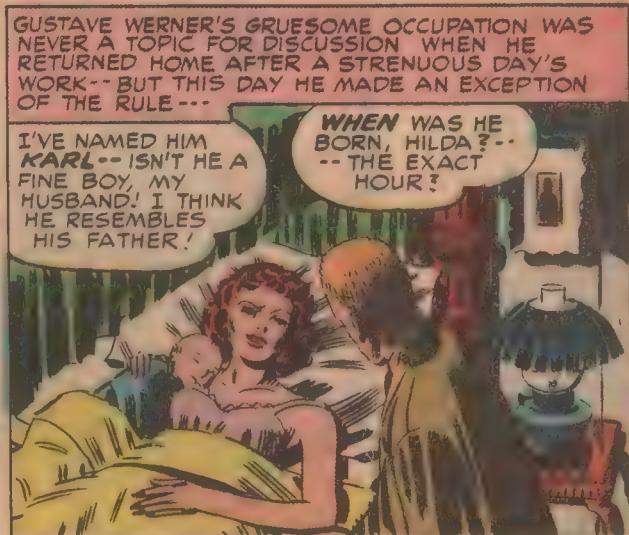
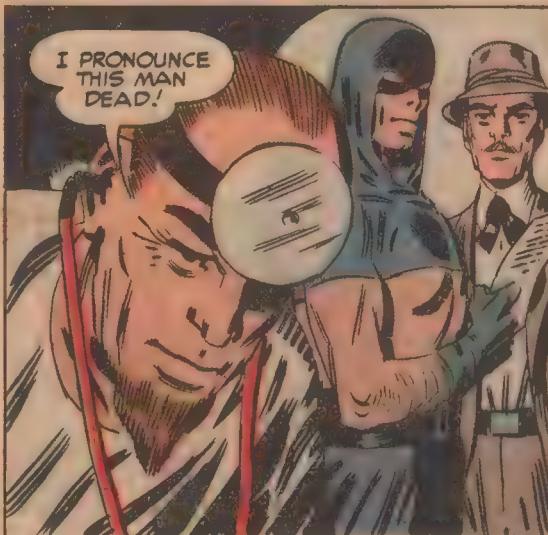
A FINE JOB, GUSTAVE-- NEVER HAVE I SEEN YOU WORK SWIFTER OR SURER!

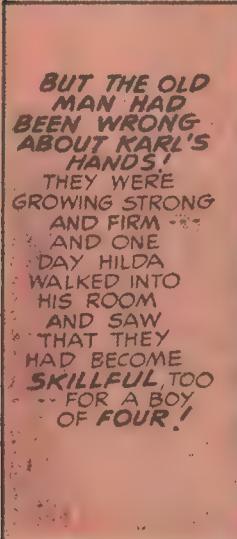
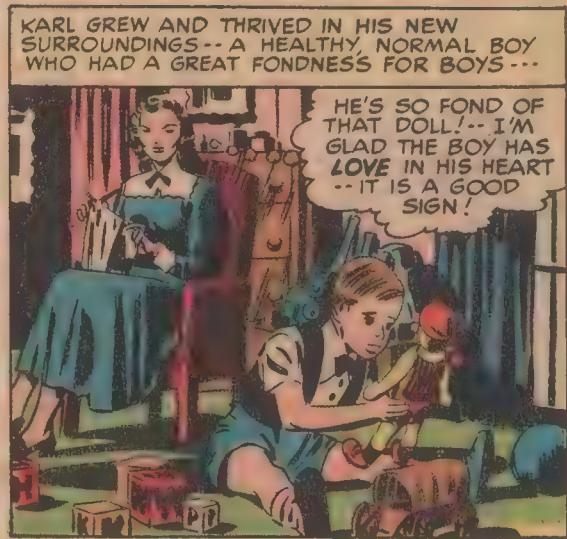
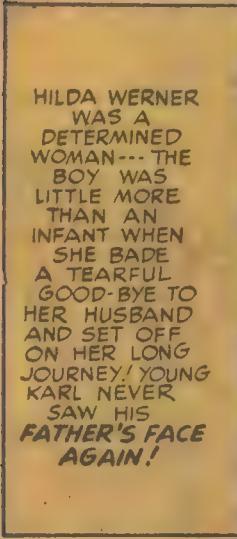
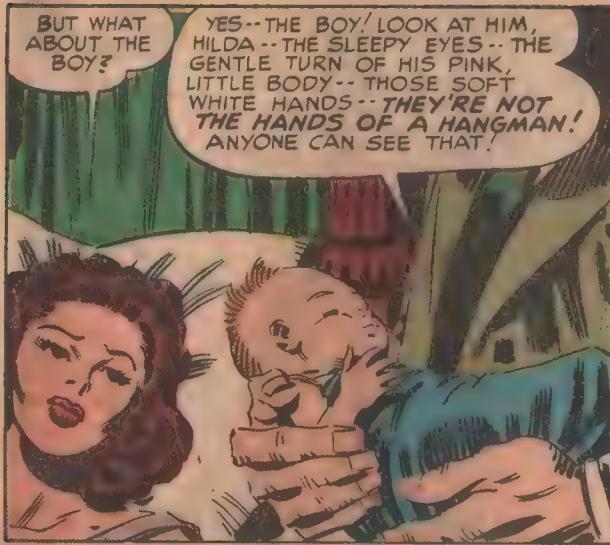
I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU, GUSTAVE-- I BEAR GOOD TIDINGS!

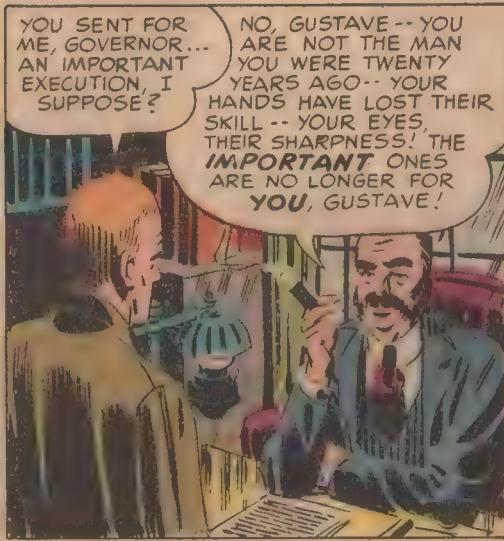
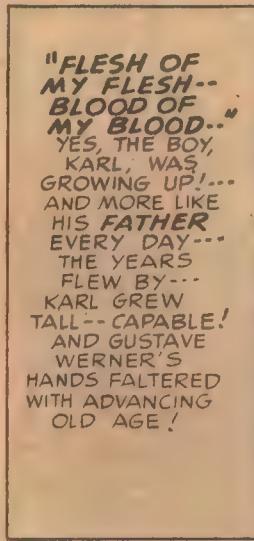
IT IS IN MY WIFE'S HANDWRITING-- READ IT TO ME, FREDERICK-- HURRY!

SHE HAS BORNE YOU A SON! GUSTAVE!-- A SON!-- THIS IS INDEED A HAPPY OCCASION!

A BOY! YOU ARE A LUCKY MAN, MY FRIEND!







IF YOU SEEK HIM OUT, I'LL KILL YOU! REMEMBER EXCELLENCY-- I'M NOT A STRANGER TO KILLING!.. IN FACT, I'M QUITE AN EXPERT AT IT!

THE GOVERNOR SHRUGGED OFF THE THREATS OF GUSTAVE AS THE RAVINGS OF AN OLD MAN -- HIS POLICE HAD LITTLE DIFFICULTY IN TRACING DOWN KARL. THE YOUNG MAN LEARNED EASILY! -- HE SOON FOUND THE JOB OF HANGMAN A NATURAL OUTLET FOR HIS "TALENTS!"

LOOK AT THE BOY--HE'S NEVER BEEN A SUCCESS AT ANYTHING-- YET HE TAKES TO THE HANGMAN'S KNOT AS THOUGH HE WERE BORN TO IT!.. KARL IS HIS FATHER'S SON, THERE'S NO DOUBT OF THAT!

SILENCE! WE HAVE OUR ORDERS-- HE'S NOT TO KNOW WHO HIS FATHER IS!

IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE GUSTAVE WERNER FOUND OUT ABOUT HIS SON'S NEW OCCUPATION-- BESIDE HIMSELF WITH RAGE, HE BROKE INTO THE GOVERNOR'S HOME -- HE WOULD NOT BE DENIED HIS REVENGE !

WH-- WHO IS IT?!! -- GUSTAVE!!

GUSTAVE, YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME!...

IT IS TOO LATE FOR THAT, EXCELLENCY-- YOU HAVE COMMITTED A CRIME -- AGAINST ME! I HAVE COME TO SEEK PAYMENT.

THE OLD MAN WAS COOL, EFFICIENT AND MERCILESS-- IT WAS HIS FINAL EXECUTION-- AND HE MADE SURE IT WAS HIS BEST!

IT'S THE HANGMAN! HE'S GONE MAD!

ARREST HIM!

GUSTAVE WERNER WAS SENTENCED TO THE GALLows!! -- ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 17, 1905, HE WAS LED INTO THE COURTYARD... HE WALKED ERECT AND WITH A FIRM STEP AS THE YOUNG HANGMAN CAME OUT TO MEET HIM ...

YOUNG KARL HAD LEARNED HIS JOB WELL-- HE WORKED WITH THE PROFESSIONAL AIR OF A CRAFTSMAN ALREADY HARDENED TO THE TASK-- AND EVEN AS THE NOOSE WAS BEING TIGHTENED ABOUT GUSTAVE WERNER'S NECK, THE OLD MAN COULD NOT HELP THINKING, " THESE ARE GOOD, STRONG SKILLFUL HANDS!"

There was a terrible collision of personalities, the day I barged into Paul Egan's life. It was a battle for domination from the start.

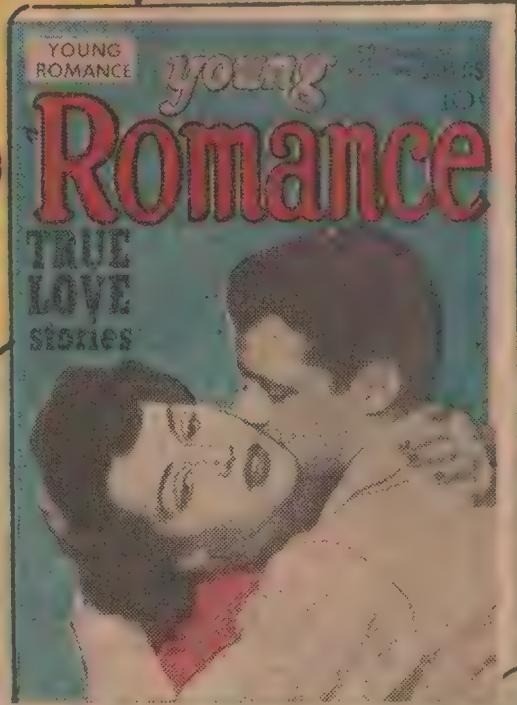
Paul was the type of man I would never yield to. And that was a pity. Because he was

The ONLY MAN WHO COULD THRILL ME!



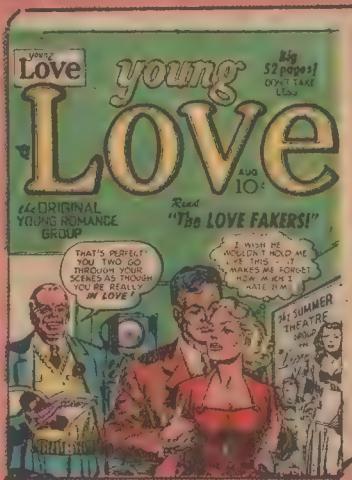
Don't miss -

THIS
SHOCKING
CONFESSTION
IN THE
SEPTEMBER
ISSUE OF --



young Romance

RESERVE
YOUR
COPY
NOW!



the ORIGINAL!
the BIGGEST!
the BEST!!

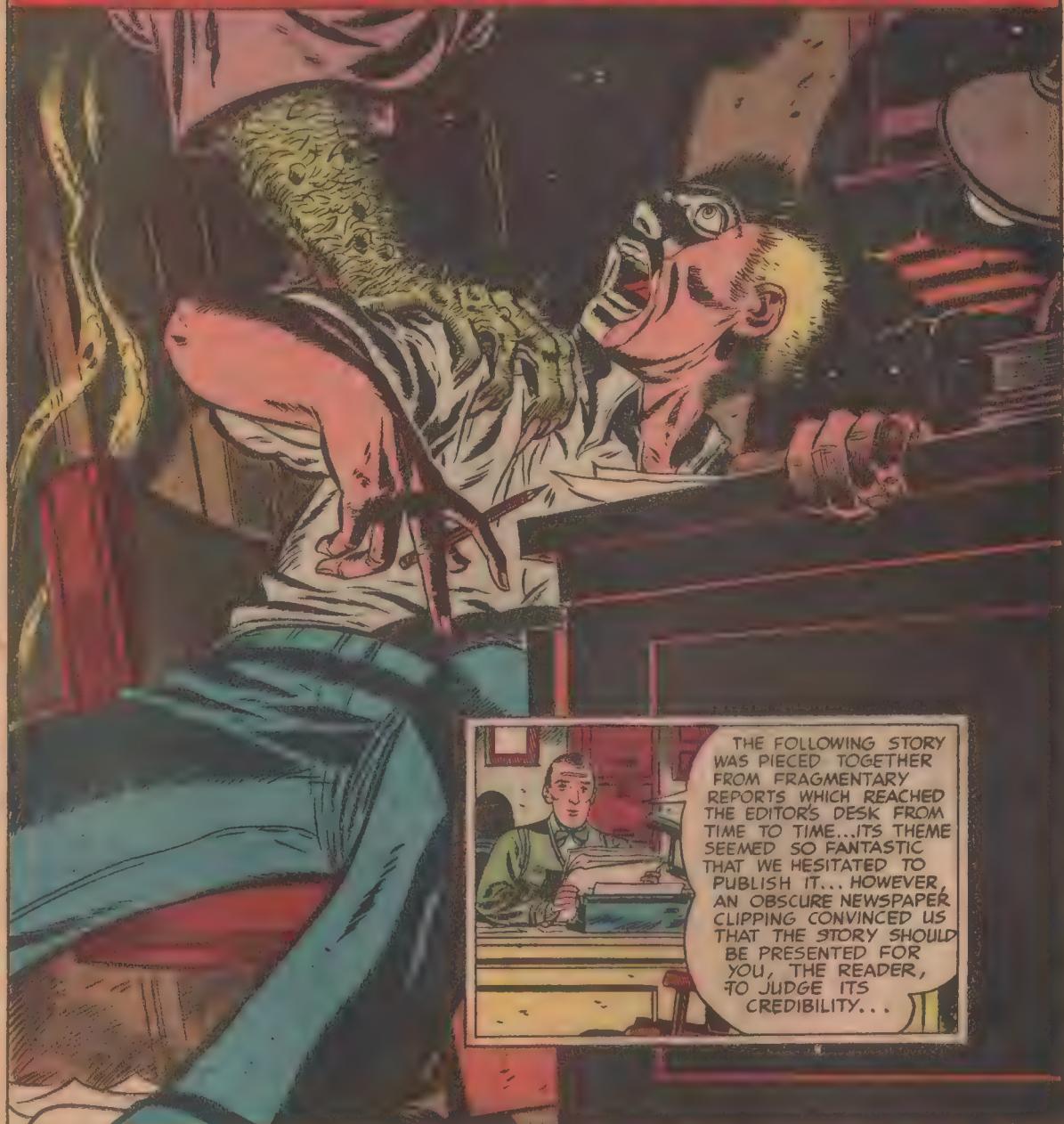
in the Love-and-
Romance comic
field!

YOUNG ROMANCE and YOUNG LOVE

Big 52 pages!
DON'T TAKE LESS!

DON'T LOOK NOW!

We know it's there! Right behind us! At one time or another we've all sensed its presence! But when we turn around it's gone! Sidney Fox was the only man who ever saw it. And he will never sleep again!



"PERHAPS WHEN YOU HAVE READ THIS YOU WILL SAY ALL REASON HAS DEPARTED FROM MY MIND ... CERTAINLY I THOUGHT SIDNEY FOX WAS MAD! YET I AM BEHAVING EXACTLY AS HE DID! I CAN'T EXPLAIN THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS BUT I MUST TELL SOMEONE ABOUT IT! BUT THAT WAS WHAT SIDNEY ONCE SAID, MAY HIS POOR TORTURED SOUL REST EASIER!"



"SIDNEY AND I HAD BEEN FRIENDS FOR YEARS. NOT THAT WE HAD MUCH IN COMMON. I WAS A WRITER... AND, SID... WELL, SID WASN'T MUCH OF ANYTHING... HE WAS DULL AND UNEMOTIONAL, ORDINARILY... THAT WAS WHY HIS APPEARANCE NOW SHOCKED ME SO!"



"I COULDN'T SLEEP... COULDN'T EVEN THINK OF FOOD... I GREW WEAKER AND MORE HAGGARD AND ONE DAY I COLLAPSED IN UTTER EXHAUSTION..."



"I DOZED OFF INTO FITFUL, NIGHT-MARISH SLUMBER WHICH PRODUCED A DEVILISH IMAGE OF MYSELF JUST AS I HAD BEEN HOURS BEFORE... ONLY THIS TIME I HAD THE COURAGE TO TURN AROUND AND FACE THIS TORMENTING DEMON WHICH THREATENED MY SANITY..."



"COME OUT OF YOUR SHADOWS, WHATEVER YOU ARE! LET'S HAVE IT OUT HERE AND NOW!"

"AND THEN I SAW IT, FRANK. MY SLEEP WAS AN ACTUALITY BUT THE THING WAS NOT A PART OF IT! THE THING WAS REAL, DO YOU HEAR? ...REAL!"

"YOU'RE A SICK MAN, SID... YOU'VE BEEN SUFFERING FROM HALLUCINATIONS! NOW LET ME TAKE YOU HOME... EVERYONE'S STARING AT US!"



"I HUSTLED SID INTO A CAB, CURSING MYSELF FOR GETTING MIXED UP WITH THIS BABBLING IDIOT... BUT WHEN I LOOKED INTO HIS EYES, SHIFTING TERROR-STRICKEN IN HIS WOBBLING HEAD, A FEELING OF UNEASINESS SWEPT OVER ME..."

"GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, SID... YOU'VE GOT TO!"



"I HALF CARRIED HIM UP THE RICKETY FLIGHTS TO HIS SHABBILY FURNISHED ROOM... I COULD NOT STifle THE IMPULSE TO RUN... TO GET FAR AWAY FROM THIS WHOLE MORBID AFFAIR..."

"YOU'LL FEEL BETTER IN THE MORNING, SID... WHAT YOU NEED IS A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!"

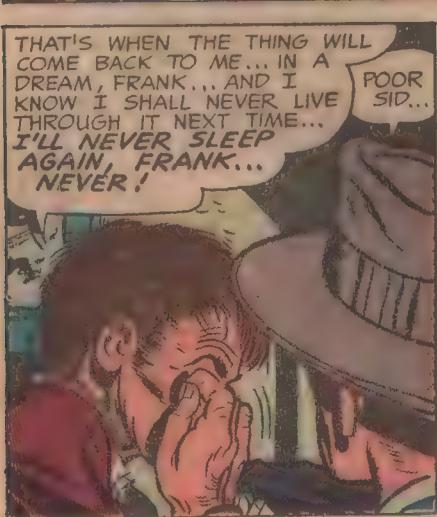
"NO, FRANK... NO! I CAN'T TAKE THAT CHANCE!"



"THAT'S WHEN THE THING WILL COME BACK TO ME... IN A DREAM, FRANK... AND I KNOW I SHALL NEVER LIVE THROUGH IT NEXT TIME..."

"I'LL NEVER SLEEP AGAIN, FRANK... NEVER!"

"POOR SID..."



"I WENT DIRECTLY HOME. I WAS A WRITER AND THERE WAS A STORY IN SID! I WANTED TO GET IT DOWN ON PAPER WHILE IT WAS STILL FRESH IN MY MIND... I WORKED FOR HOURS... WHEN MY PHONE RANG, I GLANCED AT THE CLOCK. IT WAS JUST... MIDNIGHT."

"FRANK, YOU'VE GOT TO GET OVER HERE! IT'S HERE! HERE IN THE ROOM! I FEEL IT!"

"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, SID... IT'S MIDNIGHT... PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER... I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!"





"IT WAS THEN, I THINK THAT I FIRST BEGAN TO BE AFRAID! BUT I COULD STILL THINK RATIONALLY... I FOUND THE LANDLADY AND TOGETHER WE RETURNED TO SID'S ROOM.



HE DIDN'T LEAVE! HE'D HAVE HAD TO PASS MY DOOR AND MY DOOR WAS OPEN!



THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE... HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO!

ABLE?... WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I HEARD HIM MOVING ABOUT AND I THOUGHT HE COULDN'T SLEEP, SO SO I BROUGHT HIM SOME COFFEE... THE POOR MAN WAS NERVOUS AND UPSET SO I... I PUT ONE OF MY SLEEPING TABLETS IN THE COFFEE!

"THAT'S WHEN IT WILL COME FOR ME! WHEN I SLEEP," HE HAD TOLD ME! AFRAID? YES, I, TOO KNEW FEAR, THEN. I RAN FROM THAT ACCURSED HOUSE AS FROM THE DEVIL! AND I DIDN'T DARE TO LOOK OVER MY SHOULDER!



"LAUGH IF YOU WILL, BUT I TELL YOU, I KNEW THERE WAS SOME-THING BEHIND ME! JUST AS SID HAD KNOWN IT!"



"IT WAS THEN THAT I BEGAN TO WRITE THIS REPORT... TO RECORD MY STRANGE SENSATIONS BEFORE THEY DEVOURED MY SANITY..."

NOW WHAT FRANK WAS TRYING TO TELL ME! EVEN AS I SIT HERE I CAN FEEL IT AND TERROR IS BITING AT MY EVERY NERVE AND FIBRE! IT'S HERE... AND I MUST FACE IT - EVENTUALLY!

"THAT WOULD BE MY SALUTATION! TO FACE IT! I KNEW THAT, BUT... COULD I? COULD I FACE THIS HORROR AND NOT BECOME... WHAT SID HAD BECOME?



"THERE WERE LONG SHADOWS IN THE ROOM. THEY REACHED FOR ME, CLUTCHING AS I TURNED... A LITTLE... ONLY A LITTLE..."



"HOW SHALL I DESCRIBE IT? MY MUSCLES STRAINED AGONIZINGLY TO OBEY ME! MY HANDS WERE ICE! A LITTLE MORE... JUST A LITTLE MORE..."



"NOTHING!
NOTHING!
ONLY THE
SHADOWS!"

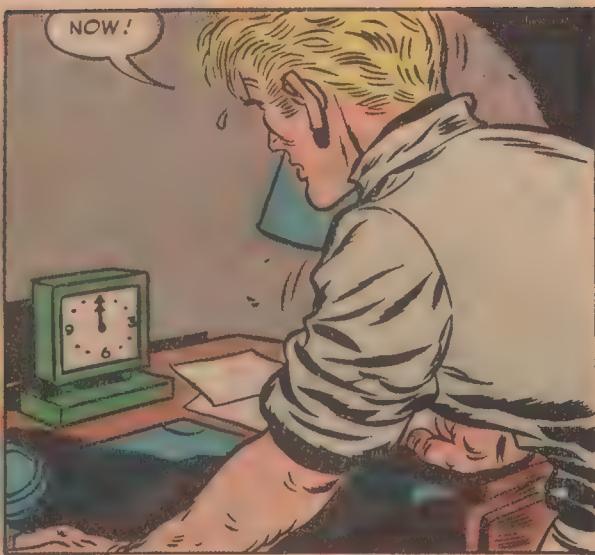


"MY BODY TREMBLED, WENT LIMP WITH RELIEF! FOR A MOMENT I LIVED AGAIN! I HAD BEATEN IT! BUT... HAD I? WASN'T THERE A... A REEKING FOULNESS IN THE AIR? A VILE THREAT IN THE ROOM? SOMETHING WAS THERE WITH ME!"

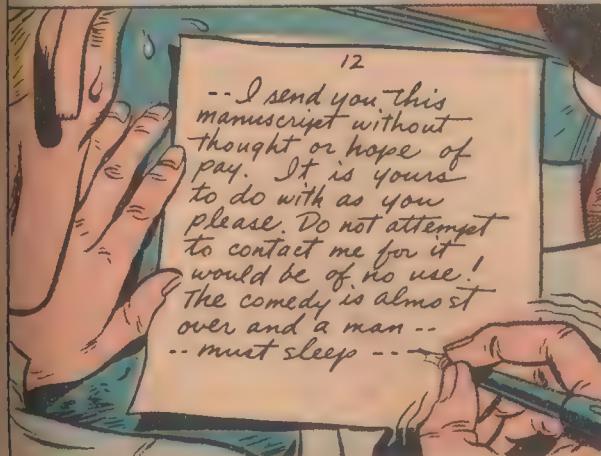


"THAT IS ALL THE STORY! ALL THAT I SHALL WRITE, EXCEPT... I AM GOING TO TRY AGAIN. I WAS TOO SLOW BEFORE. THIS TIME, I SHALL TAKE IT BY SURPRISE! TONIGHT...AT...AT MIDNIGHT!"

WHATEVER IT IS, I MUST SEE IT! IT DRAWS ME, CALLS TO ME, AND LOATHING IT, KNOWING IT MUST BE MY DOOM... I WILL FORCE IT TO A SHOWDOWN!



"IT IS OVER! I HAVE SEEN IT! I KNOW NOW. BUT I SHALL NOT WRITE WHAT I SAW! BETTER THAT LIFE GO ON UNHEEDING AND UNKNOWNING OF THE THINGS THAT ARE ALL AROUND US!"



EDITORS' NOTE:

THE FOREGOING MANUSCRIPT WAS SUBMITTED BY FRANK CONROY, WHO HAS CONTRIBUTED MANY EXCELLENT STORIES TO OUR PUBLICATION.. DESPITE HIS WISHES, THE EDITORS DID ATTEMPT TO CONTACT MR. CONROY, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS. AS AN EXPLANATION, WE CAN ONLY OFFER THE ENCLOSED NEWSPAPER CLIPPING...

WRITER OF FANTASIES VANISHES!

Police today reported the mysterious disappearance of Frank Conroy, author. Mr. Conroy's apartment had been completely wrecked and his room gave every indication of a fierce struggle, yet other tenants in the building reported hearing no sounds. Mr. Conroy, himself has vanished. Police are making every effort to locate the writer and are confident that they will do so...

THE IDOL

•The six-armed god had a history of death!
Only Henry Forrester learned its secret!

IT SEEMED to Henry Forrester in the immediate days after he had acquired the Indian buddha that the six-armed idol had a personality of its own. For long hours he would stand before it in his library and watch the cool features.

"You may look serene to one of your own faith," he often told the god, "but to me, there's little besides cruelty in that face of yours. Are you really as treacherous as they say? Have you really caused the death of five people?"

The legend of the buddha was well known to everyone in the art field. The last five owners had all died of strangulation as though those six fat arms could move—those thick fleshy fingers grasp and choke life from a man. When he had purchased the god, the legend had been revived. Even his old friend, the realistic Dr. Frederick Prichard had warned him.

"It's just got too much of a history to fool around with," he had said, laughingly. "Call me superstitious if you like, Henry—I just wouldn't care to own it."

Henry Forrester, however, was not a man to be influenced by gossip or foolish advice. He had coveted the idol since the first time he had seen it. Now it was his.

"Henry, I swear I'm getting jealous of that fat old man, six arms and all," the voice of Frances, his wife, broke his concentration. He turned around to face the pretty young woman who had entered the room.

"I'm sorry," he said, going over to where she stood and kissing her lightly. "You know how absorbed I get in a new toy."

"Well, this discarded toy is very hungry," she smiled, at him and looking at her closely, he saw that the smile was a little forced.

Frances really was jealous of this buddha. He would have to pay more attention to her in the future.



There had been a time when Frances had been his favorite object of devotion—not so terribly long ago. His friends had told him he was a fool then, too—a man of his age falling in love with a young woman like her. They had told him that she would never marry him. But as usual they had been wrong. For Henry Forrester had wanted this young woman as intensely as he had recently wanted the idol, and the things he wanted he always got.

Frances took his arm and half led him out of the room...

"We do have guests tonight or have you forgotten?" she reminded him.

"I guess I did forget," he murmured apologetically, only half conscious of her words.



What had she called herself, a few minutes ago? A discarded plaything? If she only knew how right she was—how terribly tired and bored he was with her. A young wife was much more than he had bargained for—with her indeterminable energy and desire to be doing things. When a man was Forrester's age, he needed rest and peace and time to think. He was at a time of life when his preoccupation was with the non-living, like his buddha, rather than with the living.

Long after the guests had left, he studied his new toy. Those strong arms had moved—had crushed men. What mechanism had caused them to move? He reached up and took hold of one of the arms and tried to force it down—then up. The arm remained immobile. How then had those arms moved?

Fascinated, Forrester moved a table over to the big idol. He began exploring the giant body inch

by inch—fingering it closely. It was almost an hour before he found the minute button.

The arms moved slowly outward, grazing Forrester's face and almost knocking him off the table.

Spellbound, he watched the passage of those arms as they made a complete circle—inward now, until they were tight against the body itself. There, the arms rested. Forrester pushed the button once more and with the same deliberateness, the arms returned to their original position.

Forrester could not believe his discovery. He made the idol repeat the actions, once, twice, again and again.

Slowly he realized the significance of his discovery. He had found what only a handful of men before him had found. The key to the mystery of those five deaths. This had been no vengeance of a jealous god. This had been murder—man plotted—man executed. Superstition and ignorance had prevented thorough examination which might have told the police what he now knew.

He had the instrument of the perfect murder. It belonged to him alone now. He would share it with no one. Forrester stepped back and looked at his god with a new admiration.

In the days that followed his devotion to the buddha grew. Each morning he would shut himself in the library with the figure and spend most of the day there. The time he must spend elsewhere seemed almost wasted. Hour after hour he spent in contemplation, and gradually he began identifying himself with the figure, giving it his thoughts, his wishes and desires. And he strived to reach the hidden mind there—desiring to know the lust, the ambition that must have surrounded the men who possessed the god before him. Greed and desire had finally resulted in the owner's death.

Forrester spent so much time in the locked room that finally one day, his wife forced her way in. Looking at him, with her once lovely face contorted by jealousy, she had shrieked, "I'm surprised. I expected to find you burning incense to it." Only half listening to her, Forrester, looking at her now ugly face, realized for the first time how completely he despised her.

In the days that followed, he tried to forget her in the serene contemplation of his idol, but now another idea was plaguing him.

Here before him was the perfect instrument of death and he would never in this life be able to try it out—to be a part of that perfection.

But then (slower still) why should he be denied it? He hated Frances—he would be well rid of

her. Why couldn't he accomplish both purposes at the same time? Yes, it was possible. Entirely possible.

Now his time was devoted to his new scheme. He would make a present of the god to her, so that her death might be accredited to the ancient superstition. It had worked before. It would work again. American police were no brighter than any others.

He alone knew the secret of those other deaths—the secret would stay with him.

But first he must play his cards right. Frances must never be suspicious.

He approached her the next morning, noting her unhappy and weary face. How he hated her!

"Frances," he said soothingly. "I'm sorry for the way I've treated you. I've been very unkind."

Her face lighted up, grateful for the smallest attention. She had always been that way.

"I'm going to give you that silly statue," he continued. "It's yours. Do whatever you want with it. Get rid of it, if you like."

Her mouth uttered a protest. "Oh, Henry, you don't have to do that," she said stretching out her hand. He stroked the small white hand impatiently.

After that it was just a matter of waiting—waiting until all their friends had the opportunity to see how much he loved her—how completely devoted he was to her.

Finally the day when he need not wait any longer arrived. All that day, he spent in the library with the idol, avoiding his wife—afraid something in his manner might give him away. Just before he called her, he looked at the figure carefully. In the fast fading light it seemed to him, those immobile features were more vicious and cruel than ever.

"You know what you're about to do, don't you?" he said, and he moved closer still to study that imperturbable face.

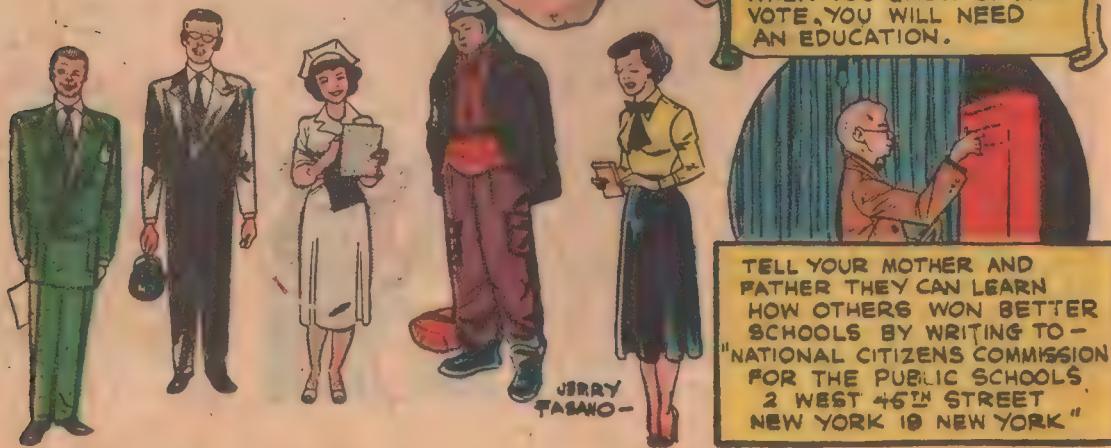
There was nothing about the figure to give him warning as the massive arms closed about him.

His wife in another part of the apartment heard the screams, but they had stopped by the time she and the servant were able to break through the door.

She stood unable to move at the sight of her husband forever stilled. And through the half darkness, it seemed to her that the idol cradled his broken body to its breast.



Better schools make better communities



What are you searching for, Alice? Is it the gay parties of youth--the warmth of a young man's arms around you?--The laughter, the pranks of people your own age?--The romance you never had...

WHEN YOU WERE ALIVE!

I'VE COME, ALICE .. TO
KEEP OUR RENDEZVOUS..
I DON'T CARE WHAT
YOU ARE--SPIRIT OR
FLESH! I'LL TAKE
YOU IN ANY FORM!
I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU!

YOU CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS,
MCCARTHY!--MY DAUGHTER
IS DEAD! LET HER POOR
SOUL REST IN PEACE!



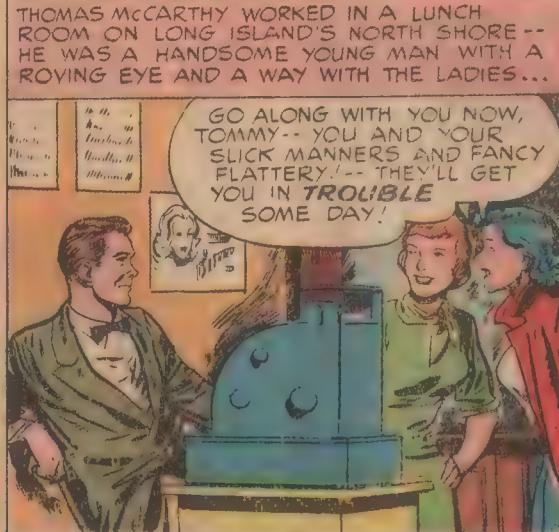
HERE IS A STORY
WHICH HAS BEEN
TOLD AND RETOLD
FOR MANY YEARS!
--WHERE DID YOU
HEAR IT?
DID IT HAPPEN
TO A FELLOW
IN MEMPHIS?--
IN CINCINNATI?--
CHICAGO?
WELL, WE'VE
HEARD IT FROM
SEVERAL PERSONS
--AND EACH
OF THEM SWORE
THAT IT ACTUALLY
HAPPENED
TO HIM!
THIS IS ONE OF
THE ACCOUNTS---

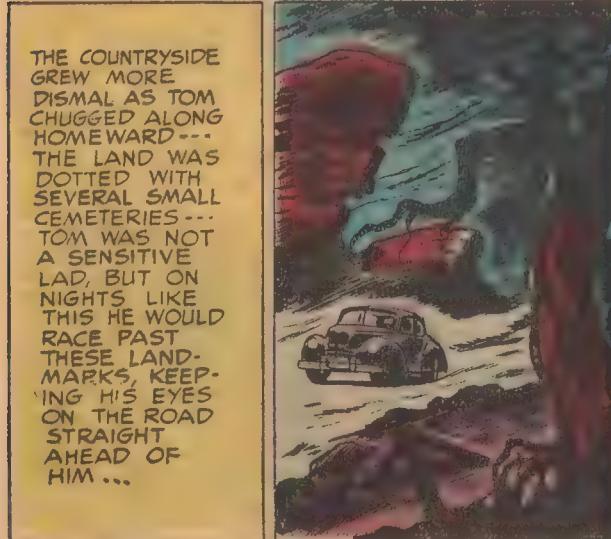
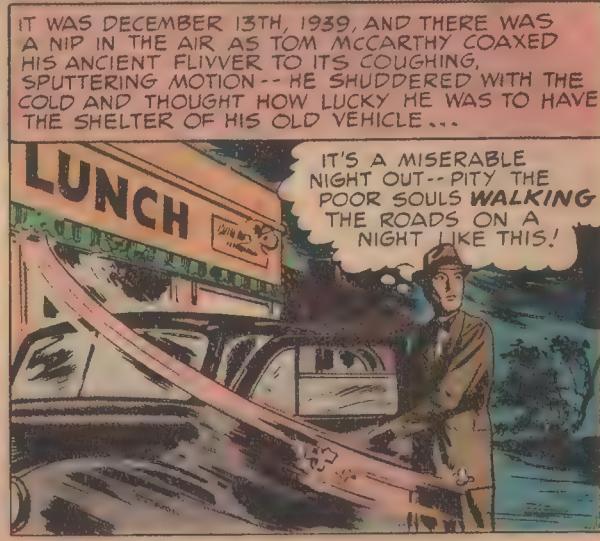
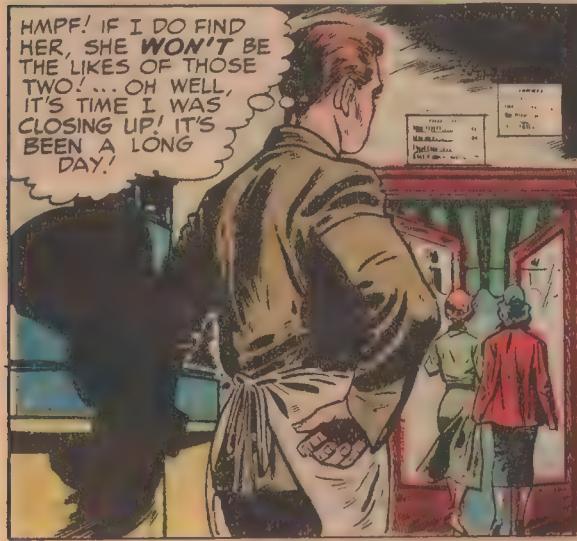
THOMAS MCCARTHY WORKED IN A LUNCH
ROOM ON LONG ISLAND'S NORTH SHORE--
HE WAS A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN WITH A
ROVING EYE AND A WAY WITH THE LADIES...

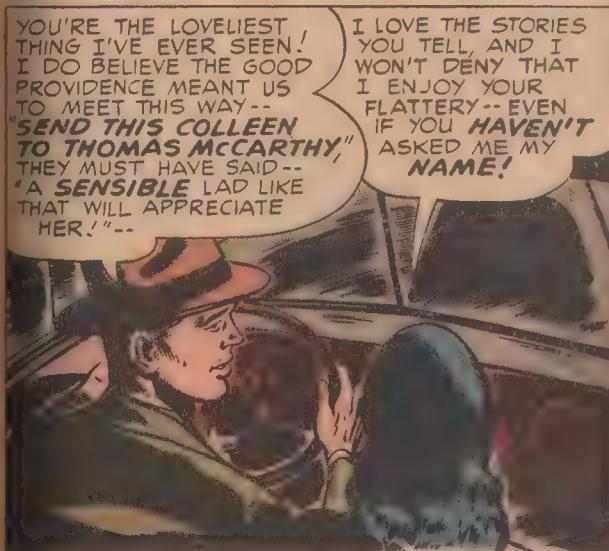
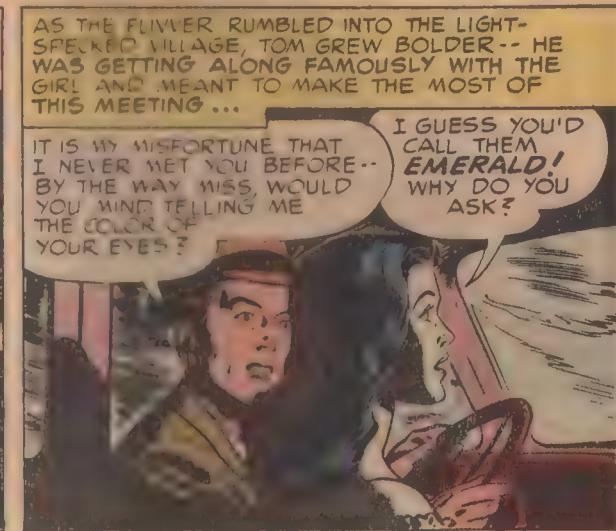
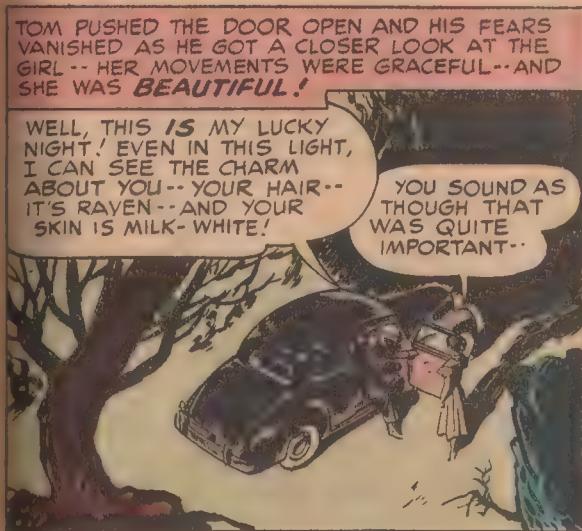
GO ALONG WITH YOU NOW,
TOMMY-- YOU AND YOUR
SLICK MANNERS AND FANCY
FLATTERY! -- THEY'LL GET
YOU IN TROUBLE
SOME DAY!

YOU'LL BE IN A PRETTY
MESS WHEN YOU COME
ACROSS A GIRL WHO
BELIEVES ALL YOUR
FINE STORIES!
WHAT THEN?

THE GIRL
WHO BELIEVES
MY STORIES
WILL BE THE
GIRL FOR
THOMAS
MCCARTHY,
LADIES!







THERE WAS NO DENYING THOMAS MCCARTHY NOW! HE HAD FOUND HIS LADY FAIR AND HE WAS DETERMINED THAT SHE SHOULD NOT SLIP FROM HIS GRASP-- BUT AS THE FLIVVER PULLED UP IN FRONT OF THE IVY-COVERED COTTAGE, SHE BECAME STRANGELY FLUTTERED AND CONFUSED...

NO--NO, I'D RATHER YOU DIDN'T COME IN NOW, THOMAS MCCARTHY... MY PARENTS WOULD NOT UNDERSTAND--

I CANNOT LET YOU RUN OUT THERE IN THAT FLIMSY DRESS, ALICE-- THE LEAST I CAN DO IS WRAP MY COAT AROUND YOU!

BESIDES, IT WILL GIVE ME AN EXCUSE TO SEE YOU AGAIN! I SHALL CALL TO PICK UP MY COAT-- TOM MCCARTHY IS A SHREWDED ONE ALL RIGHT!

BUT, TOM--

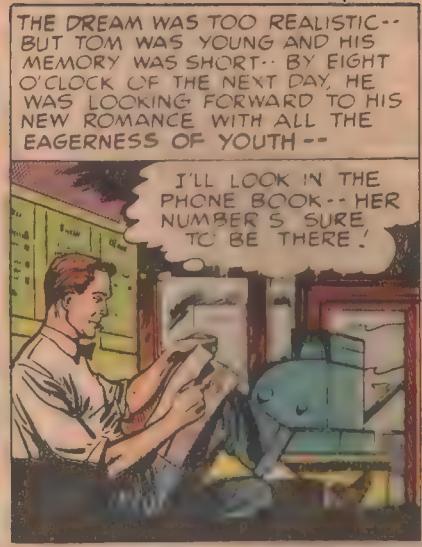


TOM WAS INSISTENT-- AND AS HE WATCHED THE GIRL DISAPPEAR INTO THE THICK FOLIAGE SURROUNDING THE HOUSE, HE HEAVED A SIGH OF HEAVENLY BLISS!.. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS YOUNG LIFE HE WAS IN LOVE!

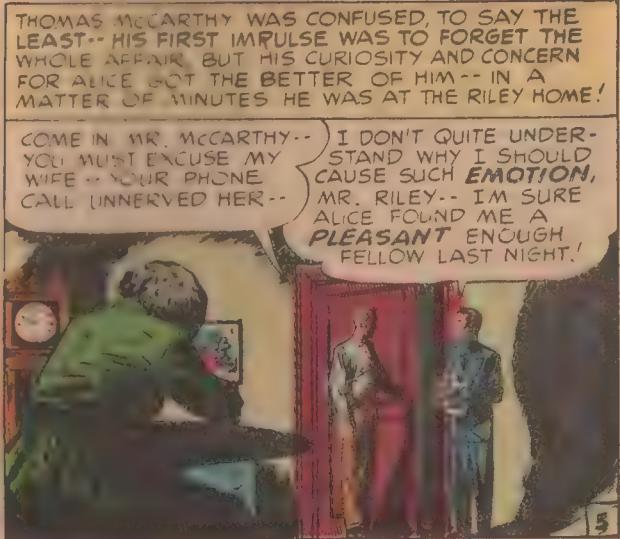
A GOODNIGHT TO YOU, LOVELY ALICE RILEY-- MAY YOU HAVE PLEASANT DREAMS TONIGHT!

TOM SLEPT FITFULLY THAT NIGHT-- THE VISION OF THE GIRL WAS CONSTANTLY BEFORE HIM IN AN EVER CHANGING PANORAMA OF DREAM-WORLD FANTASIES-- HE LITTLE REALIZED THAT THE EVENTS WHICH WERE TO FOLLOW WOULD AFFORD A SPINE-CHILLING EXPLANATION TO HIS STRANGE CONCEPTIONS...





THE DAY STARTED OUT NO DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER DAY AT THE RILEY HOUSEHOLD-- KEVIN RILEY SHAVED IN THE MORNING, RAN FOR HIS COMMUTER TRAIN, PUT IN EIGHT MONOTONOUS HOURS IN THE INSURANCE OFFICE WHERE HE WAS AN ASSISTANT MANAGER, AND RETURNED TO MRS. RILEY'S FINE SUPPER OF IRISH STEW!.. IT WAS THE PHONE CALL THAT CAUSED THE CHANGE--



LAST NIGHT?
IF THIS IS YOUR
IDEA OF A JOKE
YOUNG MAN, WE
DO NOT FIND IT
AMUSING!

BUT I ASSURE YOU I
AM NOT JESTING, SIR!
I MET ALICE LAST
NIGHT AND GAVE HER
A LIFT! THERE WAS
NO HARM IN IT! SHE
SEEMED IN EXCELLENT
SPIRITS!

IS THIS THE GIRL YOU
PICKED UP LAST NIGHT,
YOUNG MAN?

OF COURSE! THAT'S ALICE--
AND THAT'S THE SAME
DRESS SHE WAS WEARING,
TOO! WHERE IS SHE?



ALICE WAS BURIED
IN THIS VERY DRESS--
FIVE YEARS AGO
LAST NIGHT--

BURIED? -- BUT-- BUT
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
-- WHY, I EVEN GAVE
HER MY COAT TO
WEAR SO SHE WOULDN'T
GET A CHILL!

IN STUNNED CONFUSION, THOMAS MCCARTHY
AGREED TO ACCOMPANY KEVIN RILEY TO HIS
DAUGHTER'S GRAVE-- THE ELDER RILEY, HIS
LIPS SET IN GRIM DETERMINED SILENCE,
WATCHED HIM THROUGH STEEL GREY EYES WHICH
NEVER WAVERED UNTIL HE TURNED INTO THE
ENTRANCE TO THE GRAVEYARD! ---



PLEASE FOLLOW
ME -- HER GRAVE
IS JUST BEYOND
THIS HILL --

THEY WERE LIVING BEINGS
WALKING IN THE LAND OF THE
DEAD... AND IT SEEMED
UNBELIEVABLE THAT ALICE
WAS ONE OF THEM! BUT
GREAT LORD IN HEAVEN
SHE WAS! HERE WAS HER
GRAVE! AND HORROR
UPON HORROR-DRAPE
ACROSS IT, WAS TOM'S
COAT!



THE STARTLING, UNEXPLAINABLE CLIMAX TO
THOMAS MCCARTHY'S WEIRD ROMANCE WAS
THE FAMILIAR GARMENT WHICH HE RECOGNIZED
AT ONCE ... TOM'S COAT LAY DRAPE
OVER THE PITIFUL MOUND OF EARTH -- FORMING
A BIZARRE BLANKET TO SHELTER
LOVELY ALICE RILEY FROM THE ICY COLD
OF THE DECEMBER NIGHT!

REDUCE FAT!

UP TO 5 lbs. A WEEK

LOSE 5 lbs. - FULLY GUARANTEED!

A Scientific Way to

LOSE WEIGHT

Enjoy the pep and energy of a slimmer figure the Dr. Phillips approved way!

REDUCE 10-20-30-LBS.

AND IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE! WE GUARANTEE THESE STATEMENTS OR YOU DON'T PAY A PENNY!



NO STARVING
NO DIETING
NO LAXATIVES
NO DRUGS
NO MASSAGE

Supplies A
HEALTHFUL
Food Mineral

\$2

If Kelpidine doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose as much weight as you want to lose, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, **YOUR MONEY WILL BE RETURNED AT ONCE.**



Money-Back Guarantee. Write for 10-day Free Trial!

"Thanks to Kelpidine in just a few weeks I lost four inches thru the waistline and hips. It's amazing" ANN LESLIE, N. Y. City

MAIL COUPON NOW!

FREE

The famous Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan which has helped many lose 10, 20 and up to 30 pounds, quickly and safely will be sent absolutely **FREE** with your order.

AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS Co., Dept. 340
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once for \$2 cash, check or money order, one month's supply of Kelpidine Tablets, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied my money will be refunded.

Name _____

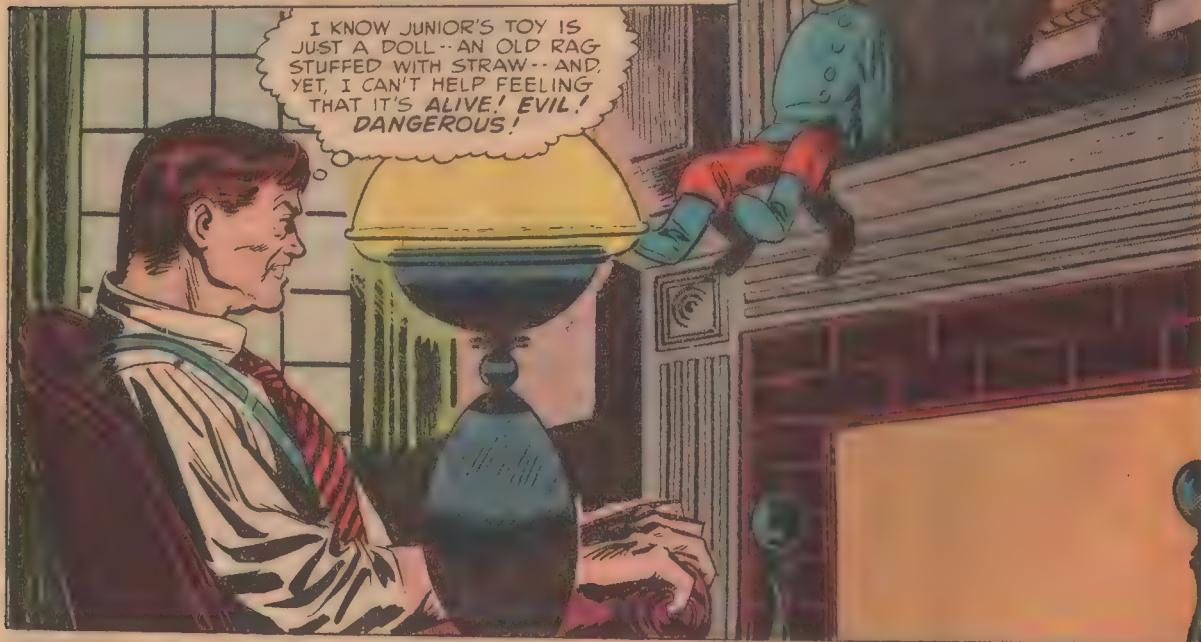
Address _____

City _____ State _____

• • • • • I enclose \$5. Send three months' supply. • • • • •

Mommy shouldn't have taken Johnnie's remark so lightly! Because, they say that some toys are different—that some dolls are not made in toy shops!

MY DOLLY is the DEVIL!



"I REMEMBER JOHNNY THRUSTING THE DOLL INTO MY HANDS.. IT WAS DIRTY—ITS CLOTH TATTERED—WORN—AND THERE WAS AN ODD, TINGLING SENSATION IN MY FINGERS AS I HELD IT..."

IT ISN'T VERY CLEAN, IS IT, JOHNNY? I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN THIS ONE BEFORE!"

I FOUND IT, DADDY! IT CALLED TO ME! IT SAID IT BELONGED TO ME!"

"IT DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING TO ME, THEN! LOTS OF KIDS THINK THEIR DOLLS TALK TO THEM! I JUST DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF JOHNNY HAVING PICKED IT UP IN SOME UNSANITARY PLACE! THAT'S WHY I EXAMINED IT CLOSELY AFTER DINNER..."

IT'S FUNNY HOW THESE KIDS TAKE A LIKING TO OLD BITS OF RAG AND STRAW THAT HAPPEN TO LIE AROUND—

OH! YOU MEAN THE DOLL! YES, IT IS. I TRIED TO THROW IT AWAY, BUT HE WOULDN'T! SAYS IT TALKS TO HIM!

KIDS ARE AN IMAGINATIVE LOT! JUST THE SAME, WE'D BETTER GET RID OF IT! NO TELLING WHERE IT CAME FROM—OR WHAT KIND OF GERMS IT CARRIES.

GET RID OF IT? YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR OFFSPRING, RAY SHELTON! JOHNNY WOULD BE HEART-BROKEN! I'LL HAVE VERA CLEAN IT UP WHEN SHE COMES BACK IN THE MORNING!

"I DIDN'T PRESS THE ISSUE... AS LONG AS JOHNNY'S "DOLLY" WAS MADE SAFE TO LAY WITH, IT CEASED TO CONCERN ME. I FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT. I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I'VE EVER SLEPT MORE SOUNDLY THAN I DID THAT NIGHT! I FEEL ALMOST DRUGGED IN THE MORNING!"

WHEW! I FEEL LIKE THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE!

"YES, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MY FAULT! I WASN'T WATCHING WHERE I WAS GOING! BUT INANIMATE OBJECTS DON'T MOVE! THEY DON'T CLUTCH AND HOLD!"

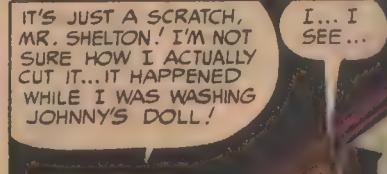
HEY!

2

"IT WAS A BAD FALL! AT THE BOTTOM, I JUST MISSED THE EDGE OF A TABLE! BUT I DID NOT LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS! THAT WAS WHY I SAW IT! I KNOW I SAW IT! THE DOLL MOVED! ITS EXPRESSION CHANGED! AND I COULD SWEAR THAT IT LOOKED...DISAPPOINTED!"

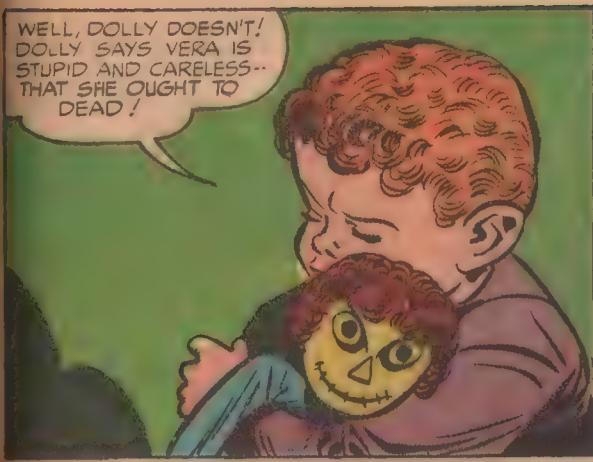


"YOU JUST DON'T TELL PEOPLE THAT YOU THINK A DOLL TRIED TO KILL YOU! YOU DON'T EVEN TELL IT TO YOURSELF! I WORKED HARD THAT DAY... SO I WOULDN'T THINK! AND I WON! BY EVENING I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN MY SILLY SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS!"



"I WASN'T VERY GOOD COMPANY AT DINNER! I KEPT STARING AT MY SON! JOHNNY'S FONDNESS FOR THAT DOLL WAS ALMOST... UNNATURAL!"

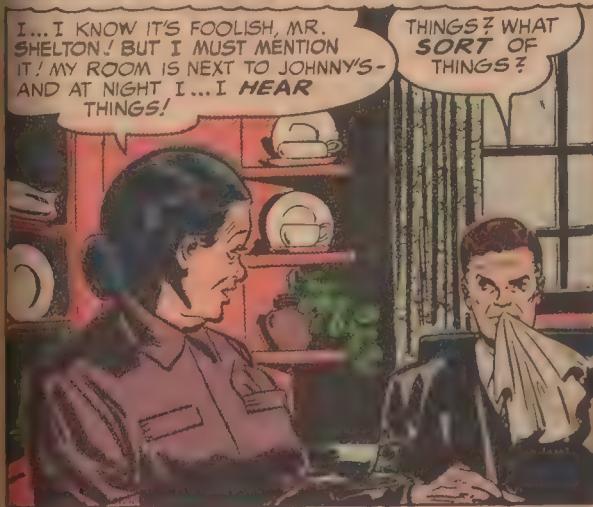




"I HAD THREATENED TO GET RID OF THE DOLL...AND SUFFERED AN ACCIDENT! VERA HAD MANHANDLED IT... AND WAS CUT! ACTS OF REPRISAL BY A...DOLL? THE THOUGHT WAS SO GROTESQUE...I COULDN'T SLEEP!"



"I'M NOT A POOR MAN! JOHNNY HAD LOTS OF TOYS! BUT FROM THEN ON, HE NEVER TOUCHED ANY OF THEM! THE DOLL AND HE BECAME INSEPARABLE! HE SLEPT WITH IT! PLAYED WITH IT! TALKED TO IT...AND I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO CAME TO DESPISE THAT SHABBY TOY!"



I HEAR VOICES! TWO VOICES! JOHNNY'S AND...ANOTHER ONE! I'M SCARED, MR. SHELTON! I'M SCARED TO STAY IN THIS HOUSE! THAT...THAT'S WHY I'M LEAVING!

ALL RIGHT, VERA! IF YOU'VE MADE UP YOUR MIND... I...I'LL HAVE YOUR CHECK FOR YOU WHEN YOU LEAVE IN THE MORNING!



"I DIDN'T TRY TO TALK THE GIRL OUT OF IT! BUT IF I ONLY HAD! IF I ONLY HAD, SHE...SHE STILL MIGHT BE ALIVE TODAY! MY SLEEP WAS TROUBLED THAT NIGHT! AND, SOMETIME, JUST BEFORE DAWN, I AWOKE!"



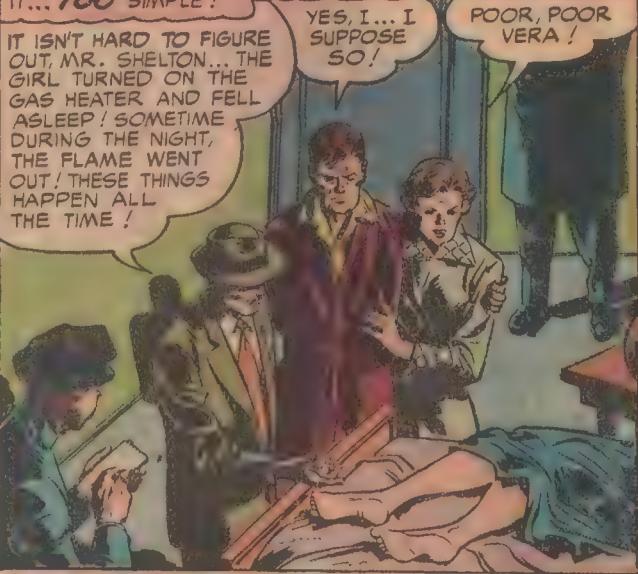
"RESTLESS? I WAS FRIGHTENED! FRIGHTENED WITH A FEAR THAT CONSTRICTED MY THROAT! RAISED THE HAIR ON THE NAPE OF MY NECK! I SENSED SOMETHING IN THAT SILENT DARKNESS! DANGER! MENACE! EVIL! WHATEVER IT WAS...IT SEEMED TO FOUL THE VERY AIR WITH ITS PRESENCE!"



"IT GREW STRONGER AS I NEARED VERA'S ROOM! AND SUDDENLY, I KNEW WHAT IT WAS!"



"VERA WAS DEAD! WHEN THE POLICE CAME THEY EXPLAINED THE WHOLE THING! IT WAS SIMPLE THE WAY THEY FIGURED IT... TOO SIMPLE!"

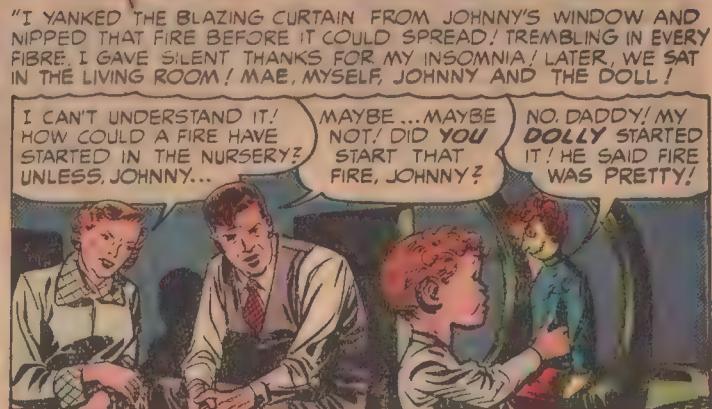


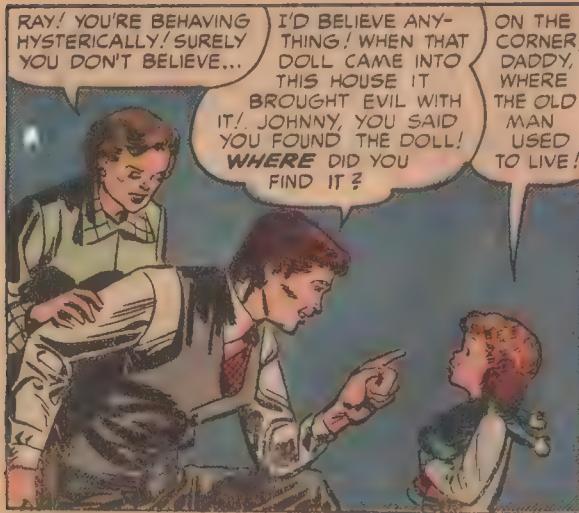
"THERE HAD BEEN NOTHING ON THE LANDING WHEN WE WENT TO VERA'S ROOM! I'M CERTAIN OF THAT! BUT WHEN WE STARTED TO LEAVE, IT WAS THERE! THE DOLL... AS IF IT HAD BEEN LISTENING AT THE DOOR!"



"WHAT WAS I DO... TELL THE POLICE, "THERE'S YOUR CULPRIT..." THE DOLL IS THE MURDERER! I DON'T TRY TO EXPLAIN IT! I ONLY KNEW THAT FROM THE DAY THAT DOLL ENTERED MY HOUSE, EVIL WAS ALL AROUND US! A DOZEN TIMES IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED I TRIED TO DESTROY IT... BUT I COULDN'T TOUCH IT! I DIDN'T DARE!"







"I MUST HAVE LOST MY HEAD COMPLETELY, THEN! THE NEXT FEW MOMENTS ARE TURGID, CONFUSED IN MY MEMORY! BUT WHEN SANITY RETURNED, I WAS HOLDING THE DOLL!"



"THERE WAS NOTHING THAT COULD STOP ME FROM DOING WHAT HAD TO BE DONE! I SLAMMED THE BASEMENT DOOR BEHIND ME JUST AS MAE AND JOHNNY FLUNG THEMSELVES UPON IT! THE THING I CLUTCHED IN MY HAND WAS NO LONGER A DOLL--BUT A SQUIRMING, SPITTING, FOUL-MOUTHED FIEND FROM THE PITS!"



"I THANKED HEAVEN THAT MAE AND JOHNNY COULDN'T OPEN THAT BASEMENT DOOR--COULDN'T WITNESS AND HEAR THE VILE THING THAT SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO STRUGGLE AND CLAW--BUT DID! THE THING THAT WAS STILL POUNDING AND SCREAMING IN THE FLAMES--LONG AFTER I HAD THROWN IT INTO THE FURNACE AND HELD MY EARS TO KEEP FROM GOING RAVING MAD!"



FUN FOR ALL!

AMAZING • REAL IMPORTED

SEWING MACHINE

REAL SEWING ACTION
READY TO SEW!



- NOW MAKE PRETTY DRESSES FOR DOLLY
- EVERY child can operate machine
- Teaches sewing with complete safety
- Has table clamp, spool thread, needle

Now every little mother can stitch 'n sew for her dolly on her own sewing machine. Not a toy, but a real machine which sews like mother's, easy to operate for every child. Just turn the handle of the crane . . . the machine does the rest! It's thrilling, exciting fun to be dressmaker for your dolly, and this remarkable imported machine makes it so easy! Made of all sturdy metal and finished in colorful, non-chipping enamel. A clamp holds the machine firmly to the table. **SEND NO MONEY!** Remit with order, and we pay postage; or C.O.D. plus postage.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO
READ MUSIC!

NO PRACTICING OR
EXERCISE NEEDED!

TUNE KING!



SWING ACCORDION

- Piano Keyboard
- Vinylite Bellows

- Brass Reeds
- All Plastic Construction

Simple to play, great fun to use, the TUNE-KING Swing Accordion will make every boy & girl or adult the life of every party. This all-plastic accordion plays the full scale and chords with a beautifully sweet tone. The ivory-colored keyboard simplifies playing—and makes your friends think you're an accomplished artist. Streamlined plastic case has the rich appearance of a fine instrument. To "top it off", plastic handle-neck and thumb straps assure gentle touch, non-slip playing. **FREE:** An instruction book that simplifies accordion playing in a few short hours. A song sheet with popular favorites and old-time get-together songs. **SEND NO MONEY!** Remit with order and we pay postage; or C.O.D. plus postage.

IMAGINE ONLY
\$2.98
complete

PLAY ALL THE POPULAR SONGS—

Imagine
**Only
3.49**

Complete With
FREE
Instruction Book.

SEND FOR THIS EXCITING NEW KIDDIE SENSATION!

THE YOUNGSTER'S YACHT!

TUBBY BOAT! **SAFE! FUN!**

- Perfect for Tub, Lake, Pond or Pool.
- Inflates in Seconds—Fool-Proof Safety Valve.
- Made of Sturdy, Sanitary Vinylite Plastic.



MAKES tub time an exciting high-sea adventure for Captain Kiddie . . . a pleasure cruise for Mother! Moors as safely in a tub as a flat-top in dry dock. Easily deflated for stowing away. Inflates quickly for fun at the beach or pool, lake or pond. Shaped like an honest-to-goodness rowboat . . . 36" long. Made of sturdy Vinylite plastic in attractive two-tone color combination. An excellent tub trainer—makes a thrilling voyage at every bath! Order yours today!

Imagine Only
\$2.98

SEND NO MONEY.
Remit with order and
we pay postage, or C.O.D.,
plus postage. Money re-
funded in 5 days if not
completely satisfied.

Hello! I'm **SANDY!**
I drink I wet I sleep
and you can
WAVE MY
HAIR!

I have
RUBBER
WONDERSKIN!



AMAZING!

FREE
HAIR
WAVE
KIT!

TERRIFIC
VALUE!

only
3.98
complete

SEND NO MONEY
(C.O.D. you pay postage.
Remit with order, we pay postage.)

RUSH YOUR
ORDER TODAY!

SENSATIONAL DRINK AND WET DOLL in washable rubber WONDERSKIN with life-like hair and realistic hair-wave kit complete with . . . plastic curlers, . . . rubber waving bands, . . . waving end papers, plastic comb and . . . bottle of doll hair lotion. ADORABLE SANDY, 11 inches tall, has sparkling blue eyes that open and close — she drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple (included) and then wets her diaper. You can bathe her — move her cuddly arms, legs and head — make her stand, walk and sleep.

NOVELTY MART, Dept. 5 59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:
Enclosed find: Check or M.O. C.O.D. plus postage.

<input type="checkbox"/> Sewing Machine ..	\$2.98	<input type="checkbox"/> Sandy	\$3.98
<input type="checkbox"/> Tubby Boat	\$2.98	<input type="checkbox"/> Accordion ..	\$3.49

Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

PAY LESS—GET THE BEST! SENSATIONAL SAVINGS! YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU CAN BUY THEM FOR LESS!

LATEST STYLE LUXURY GENUINE FIBRE

SEAT COVERS

LUXURY SEAT COVERS
SAVE YOU MONEY!

Same Superb Quality As Used
In The Most Expensive Seat Covers.

Buy from Luxury and SAVE TREMENDOUSLY on smartest, new style, color glamorous seat covers! Lacquer-coated to repel water, LUXURY Genuine Fibre Seat Covers are double-stitched, trimmed with rich leatherette for extra long, luxury wear! Expertly tailored, RICHER, STRONGER, Revolutionary — New ELASTICIZED SLIP-OVER SIDES assure FAULTLESS FIT . . . NO INSTALLATION COST! All in stunning Scotch Plaids of soft, harmonious multi-color weaves! Make old cars look like new . . . new cars even more elegant!

SMARTEST SCOTCH PLAIDS

YOUR CHOICE OF 23

SPARKLING COLORS!

WHATEVER YOUR CAR
HERE ARE YOUR COVERS!

Guaranteed perfect fit for every popular make and model, old or new, including—

BUICK LaSALLE
CADILLAC LINCOLN
CHEVROLET MERCURY
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DODGE PACKARD
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FRAZER PONTIAC
HUDSON STUDEBAKER
KAI SER TERRAPLANE
LAFAYETTE WILLYS
And Many Others
SENT ON APPROVAL



BUY FROM LUXURY
AND SAVE! ACT NOW
Satisfaction Guaranteed
or 5-Day Money-Back TEST AT OUR RISK.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
with 5-Day FREE Trial



The Exact
Same Material
Used in the Most
Expensive
Seat Covers!

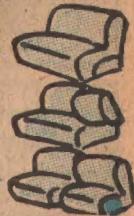
EASILY INSTALLED —
TAKES A FEW MINUTES!
(on all make cars)

Specify style for YOUR car.

TYPE A — Solid back for 4-door sedan . . . front or rear. Rear for coach or coupe.

TYPE B — Divided back, solid seat for front coupe or coach.

TYPE C — Individual seats or bucket type for divided back and seat.



SENT ON APPROVAL! SEND ONLY \$1.00

LUXURY SEAT COVER CO. Dept. 26
1025 Broad St., Newark 2, N. J.

Gentlemen: Kindly rush LUXURY Seat Covers on special 5-day Money-Back Inspection Offer.

Color _____ 2nd Color _____

Full set front & back covers \$8.95. My car is a 19_____. Make _____

Front seat cover only, \$4.98. 2-door 4-door

Back seat cover only, \$4.98.

Type A Type B Type C

I enclose \$1.00. On delivery I will pay balance plus a few cents postage and C.O.D. charges.

\$ _____ purchase price enclosed. You pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

MICROBACILLUS

STAPHYLOCOCCUS
ALBUS

KILL THESE GERMS

WITH WARD'S FORMULA

PITYROSPORUM
OVALE

MOROCOCCUS

NOTHING, *Absolutely nothing*
known to Science can do more to

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all four* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

Once you're bald, that's *it*, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe *us*. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have *proved* what we say. Read *their* grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's *better* than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at *our* risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**. You be the judge! © Ward Laboratories, Inc., 1430 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—*on contact*
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—*fast*
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—*quickly*
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—*instantly*
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—*within 3 seconds*

Here's the Proof!

We get letters like these every day from grateful men and women all over the world.

I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.

E. K., Cleveland, Ohio

Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the *most* help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.

C. La M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.

R. W. C., Cicero, Ill.

I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time—no dandruff! W. T. W., Portola, Cal. I feel encouraged to say that the infuriating scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.

J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

We gladly cooperate with Physicians and Hospitals desiring to make clinical tests of Ward's Formula. Please write.

TO SAVE YOUR HAIR ACT NOW. Send coupon today for 10-day offer. Send No Money

Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but Double Your Money Back unless you actually SEE, FEEL and ENJOY all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The test is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.

SEAL

Ward Laboratories, Inc.

Ward Laboratories, Inc.
1430 Broadway, Dept. 7K, New York 18, N. Y.

Rush Ward's Formula to me at once. I will pay postman two dollars plus postage. I must be completely satisfied within 10 days, or you GUARANTEE refund of DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

Check here if you enclose \$2.00 with order, and we will pay postage. Same refund offer holds, of course.

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign, add 25c—No C.O.D.'s.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

HAVE A SLIMMER YOUTHFUL FEMININE APPEARANCE INSTANTLY!

Don't look old before your time. Do as thousands of others do, wear a comfortable new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT! The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT, with the amazing new adjustable front panel, controls your figure the way you want it, with added support where you need it most. Simply adjust the laces and PRESTO your mid section is reshaped and your back braced and you look and feel younger!

More Up-Lift and Hold-in Power!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT takes weight off tired feet and gives you a more alluring, more daringly feminine, curvaceous figure the instant you put it on. It gives you lovely curves just in the right places, with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. It whittles your waistline to nothingness, no matter what shape you may now have. It's easily adjusted — always comfortable!

Test the ADJUST-O-BELT Up-Lift Principle with Your Own Hands!

Clasp your hands over your abdomen, press upwards and in gently but firmly. You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you, only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense!

Appear Slimmer, and Feel Better!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT lifts and flattens unsightly bulges, comfortably, quickly, firmly. It readjusts easily to changes in your figure, yet no laces touch your body. It gives instant slenderizing figure control. It fashionably shapes your figure to its slimmest lines. Like magic the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT obeys your every wish. Pounds and inches seem to disappear instantly from waist, hips and thighs. You can adjust it to your slimmed down figure as your figure changes. It gives the same fit and comfort you get from a made to order costing 2 or 3 times the price. It washes like a dream.

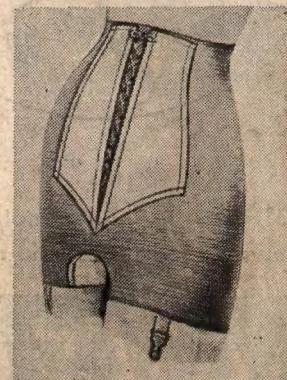
Style: Panty and regular. Colors: Nude and white. It's made of the finest stretch material used in any girdle, with a pure satin front panel and made by the most skilled craftsmen. It's light in weight, but powerfully strong. It won't roll up, bulge or curl at the top. It gives extra-double support where you need it most. No other girdle at any price can give you better support, can make you look better, feel better or appear slimmer. Sizes 24 to 44 waist. Only \$3.98



REDUCE

Your Appearance!
Look and Feel Like
Sixteen Again!

No other girdle or supporter belt has more hold-in power! The Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt is the newest, most comfortable girdle I ever had.



MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT isn't better than any supporter you ever had, if you don't feel more comfortable, if you don't look and feel younger, if your shape isn't 100% IMPROVED, if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded in full.

FREE: New amazing NYLON laces will be sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.

SEND NO MONEY

ADJUST-O-BELT CO., Dept. 298

1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Rush your new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT for \$3.98 in size and style check.

Regular.

Panty.

C.O.D. I will pay postage, plus handling.

I enclose \$3.98. You pay postage, plus handling.

CHECK SIZE: Sm. (25-26). Med. (27-28).

Lg. (29-30). XL (31-32). XXL (34-36).

XXXL (38-40). XXXXL (42-44).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

I understand if not delighted with the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT, I can return it in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

SENT ON APPROVAL!

You will look like and feel like this beautiful model in your new and improved Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt.